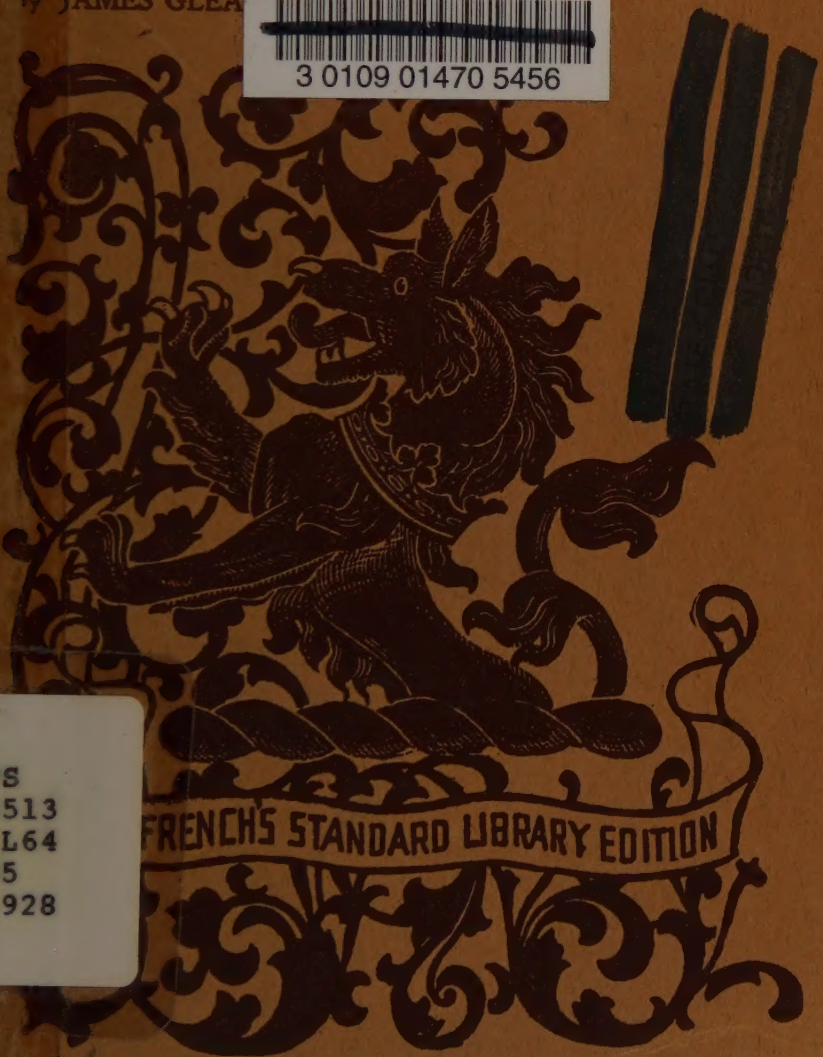
The Shannons of Broadway

by JAMES GLEA

NORTH DAKOTA STATE UNIVERSITY
3 0109 01470 5456



PS
3513
.L64
S5
1928

SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th St., New York

NDSU LIBRARIES

DATE DUE
SUBJECT TO RECALL
AFTER 2 WEEKS

NORTH DAKOTA STATE UNIVERSITY
LIBRARIES

The Shannons of Broadway

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

BY

JAMES GLEASON

(Co-Author of "Is Zat So?" and "The Fall Guy

WITHDRAWN

COPYRIGHT, 1927, BY JAMES GLEASON

COPYRIGHT, 1928, BY SAMUEL FRENCH

All Rights Reserved

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that "THE SHANNONS OF BROADWAY," being fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, the British Empire, including the Dominion of Canada, and the other countries of the Copyright Union, is subject to a royalty, and anyone presenting the play without the consent of the owners or their authorized agents will be liable to the penalties by law provided. The amateur acting rights are reserved for the present in all cities and towns where there are stock companies. Royalty will be quoted for those cities and towns where it may be presented by amateurs on application to Samuel French, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

NEW YORK
SAMUEL FRENCH
PUBLISHER
25 WEST 45TH STREET

LONDON
SAMUEL FRENCH, LTD.
26 SOUTHAMPTON STREET
STRAND, W.C.2

"THE SHANNONS OF BROADWAY"

All Rights Reserved

Especial notice should be taken that the possession of this book without a valid contract for production first having been obtained from the publisher confers no right or license to professionals or amateurs to produce the play publicly or in private for gain or charity.

In its present form this play is dedicated to the reading public only, and no performance, representation, production, recitation, public reading, or radio broadcasting may be given except by special arrangement with Samuel French, 25 West 45th Street, New York.

Amateur royalty quoted on application to Samuel French, 25 West 45h Street, New York, N. Y.

Whenever the play is produced the following notice must appear on all programs, printing and advertising for the play: "Produced by special arrangement with Samuel French of New York."

Attention is called to the penalty provided by law for any infringement of the author's rights, as follows:

"SECTION 4966:—Any person publicly performing or representing any dramatic or musical composition for which copyright has been obtained, without the consent of the proprietor of said dramatic or musical composition, or his heirs and assigns, shall be liable for damages thereof, such damages in all cases to be assessed at such sum, not less than one hundred dollars for the first and fifty dollars for every subsequent performance, as to the court shall appear to be just. If the unlawful performance and representation be wilful and for profit, such person or persons shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction shall be imprisoned for a period not exceeding one year."—U. S. Revised Statutes: Title 60, Chap. 3.

The following is a copy of program of the first performance of "THE SHANNONS OF BROADWAY," as produced at the Martin Beck Theatre, New York, N. Y., September 26, 1927:

CROSBY GAIGE *and* EARLE BOOTHE
Present

"THE SHANNONS OF BROADWAY"

A Comedy in Three Acts
By
JAMES GLEASON

CAST OF CHARACTERS
(In the Order of their Appearance)

"Shorty" Jones, *porter of the hotel*.....*Eddie Heron*
Pa Swanzey, *Proprietor of the "Swanzey House"*
—*George Farren*
Charley Dill, *a railroad man* ..... *George Spelvin*
Hez Davis, *a bootlegger* ..... *Guy Nichols*
Vance Atkins ..... *Leo Lindhard*
Bert Savage, *a brakeman on the railroad*.....*Thomas Joyce*
Minerva Harper, *a head waitress* ..... *Helen Mehrmann*
Oscar, *Billing Agent of the local theatre*.....*Jos. Raymond*
"Chuck" Bradford ..... *Frank Hearn*
Emma Shannon ..... *Lucile Gleason*
Mickey Shannon ..... *James Gleason*
Ma Swanzey ..... *Louise Crolius*
Theresa Sutton ..... *Suzanne Sheldon*
Charles Bradford, Sr.....*Percy Moore*
Newt Eddy, *a country shyster* ..... *Charles Brokate*
Annie Todd ..... *Daphne Wilson*
Eddie Allen ..... *Harry Tyler*
Alice Allen ..... *Gladys Crolius*
A Guest ..... *Phil Sheridan*
Tom, Bill, Jake, Pat } *The Four Melody Boys* { .....*Willard Keeler*; .....*G. B. Stayman*; .....*Matthew Zentner*; .....*Clarence Doench*
Mr. Albee ..... *Bertram Millar*

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

Act I: *Office of the "Swanzey House."*
Winter.
Act II: *The same.*
A few weeks later.
Act III: *The same.*

Place: *Sutton, a New England town.*

The Shannons of Broadway

ACT I

SCENE: *Office of the Swanzey House in Sutton. The office desk, cigar counter, etc., is* C. *Just* L. *of it is the glass door into the barber shop, through which the* BARBER *can be seen working. The main door to the street is* L.2, *with windows each side of it. The stairs are up* R. *The dining room door is down* R.1. *There is a door just* R. *of the desk leading into and marked by a sign, "Wash Room." The dining room doors also marked "Dining Room." There is a large base-burner* R. *of* C. *Several chairs and spittoons are around it, and above it and at the side of the stairs is a bench. Right of this is the hat rack. There are also a few chairs above and below door to street, facing the windows. The set is decorated in the conventional style of a country hotel—one or two highly decorated calendars, some cigar, cigarette and tobacco ads, train schedules, etc. On the whole, though, it is rather dirty and untidy and there is an air of neglect and failure about it.*

AT RISE: *Several* TOWN LOAFERS *are around the stove. It is snowing outside.*

HEZ DAVIS, *the bootlegger, is seated* L. *of stove. Old man* SWANZEY *is behind the desk, and the* BARBER *can be seen working on a man in his shop.* VANCE ATKINS *is seated at window down* L., *reading a newspaper.* DILL, *a country loafer, is seated at* R. *and above the stove.*

SHORTY. *(The all-round Porter, is throwing coal in stove and shaking the grate)* That's all the coal I'm goin' to put on tonight. I don't care if they freeze. All I do around here is work—work—work! *(Mumbling to himself, he goes into the wash room.)*

VANCE. *(Sitting at window down* L., *reading newspaper)* The weather man says we're going to have a colder snap before the winter's over.

DILL. Shouldn't wonder.

SWANZEY. Can't believe what the papers say. They don' allus get it right.

(BERT SAVAGE, *a big, good-looking brakeman, enters door* L. NOTE: *Every time door* L. *to the street is opened, wind is heard off.)*

BERT. Hello, fellers. H'lo, Swanzey, how's tricks?

(The group around the stove greet him.)

SWANZEY. Howdy, Bert. You're late tonight.

BERT. *(Crosses to stove, putting down his dinner pail and taking off his gloves, warming his hands at stove)* Yeah. That there Eddie Lowe that got promoted the other day breaks a driving rod on his first run and holds us up and number twelve behind us for forty minutes. Gosh, I'm cold! Guess I'll eat. *(Crosses to dining-room doors.)*

VANCE. Hey, Bert.

BERT. What?

VANCE. I'd be a little careful about going in there if I was you.

BERT. Why?

VANCE. *(He and the* GROUP *chuckling)* Min just run a railroad man out of there. He was three and five-fifth seconds late. *(Laughs.)*

BERT. She did, eh? Well, you watch me. She don't run me out, and she'll give me supper, too. *(He peels off his coat and lays it with hat on rack)* We'll see how fierce she'll be now. *(He forces the double doors of the dining-room open and speaks off)* Hey, Min, how about my supper?

MINERVA. *(Off in dining-room)* Now, Bert, wait till after the picture show. I'm all ready to go.

BERT. Oh, all right. Can I have it then?

MINERVA. Sure. (BERT *closes the doors and comes to chair at* L. *of and above stove.)*

HEZ. Beats all how you big fellers always gets your way with women and men alike. Beats all!

SWANZEY. Yes, it do, Hez. Yes, it do, too. Gosh, I wish I could figger it out.

(OSCAR, *the local bill poster of the theatre, enters with a bundle of bills and cards under his arm.)*

OSCAR. Hello, fellers.

DILL. Hello, Oscar.

OSCAR. Hello, Pop.

SWANZEY. Hello, Oscar.

OSCAR. Give me a pack of "Old Mills," will ya?

SWANZEY. "Old Mills," Oscar? Sure. *(Gets package of cigarettes, hands them to* OSCAR, *who pays for them.)*

VANCE. How's the show, Oscar?

OSCAR. Ain't no show. Busted.

SWANZEY. No show, Oscar? Why, that's too bad. What was the matter?

OSCAR. Oh, the manager or somebody run off with what money they had. Some of the troupe left, too.

VANCE. Yeah? You don't say.

OSCAR. Yeah—went over to Clarkesville.

SWANZEY. A couple of them come in here today looking for a room, but I wouldn't let 'em in. No, siree, I'm looking out for the money, I am. I don't want no actors in my hotel. They're dead beats, most of 'em.

HEZ. Why, I found 'em O.K. Paid me cash right off'n the reel.

SWANZEY. Yes, they would do that, Hez—yes, they would do that. But I found, after thirty years of hotelling it, that actors and all them that's traveling around the country, pays for their likker first and their hotel afterwards. *(All laugh.)* Did all of 'em get away, Oscar?

OSCAR. No, not yet. There's some that ain't got the money to get away with, and there's some that's got too much baggage. And, oh, gosh!—I don't know why they want to stay in this burg. Crazy, I guess.

BERT. Darned actors! Gosh, how I hate to haul a bunch of 'em. They can dirty up a car better'n anyone I ever seen. And they're always kickin' about every everlasting thing. And the women all smoke —and drink—and——

SWANZEY. Yes, and *dogs!* That's what I hate—*dogs!* Doggone 'em! You know, that couple that came in here today lookin' for rooms—they was all dressed up in fur coats, and darned if the gal didn't have a measley little white purp in a traveling bag with a cage front. I told 'em *no* right flat out. I won't have no dogs in my hotel. No, siree!

BERT. Say, you ought to see the way I get 'em when they try an' get away with carrying a dog in a

car. I can spot a dog-satchel further than I can my own mother.

OSCAR. Oh, that guy with the white dog. He's a big bum. He——

SWANZEY. He ain't so big. He's only mejium. I sized him up when he got scrappy.

BERT. Oh, got scrappy, did he? Well, I wisht I'd 'a' been here—I'd 'a' showed him a thing or two. Darned actors—I hate 'em!

OSCAR. Yes, and the women are worse than the men. Now, take that "Mutt and Jeff" show that was here last month. I said a little sumpin' to one of the gals, and hell's fury, you should've seen her. Nearly took my head off. And did she cus? Wow!

VANCE. What did you say to her, Oscar?

OSCAR. Oh, I only asked her how she felt—or wasn't it cold—or sumpin' like that—you know—nothin' to get riled at.

VANCE. You probably asked her to come up to the hotel with you, didn't you? *(Laugh from all.)*

OSCAR. No, I never. I never asked anybody that.

BERT. No, I bet you never.

SWANZEY. And a darned good reason, too. He couldn't get in. *(They all laugh.)*

OSCAR. Oh, I guess I know my business. I guess I know enough not to pull anything like that in this town. *(Coming down towards* VANCE*)* But there's Clarkesville and some other towns where I ain't so well known at.

VANCE. And where people mind their own business a little better, eh?

OSCAR. You said it. *(They all laugh.)* Well, I guess I'll be moving along. Got to get around and tell the gang they won't be no show tonight. Well, see you some more. *(Exits into barber shop.)*

VANCE. Gosh, I'd like to see that feller in New York—I sure would!

BERT. Aw, kids that age ain't got no call to run

after dames. He don't know nothin' about handlin' 'em! *(Yells)* Hey, Min—ain't you ready yet?

MINERVA. *(From dining room)* No, I ain't!

SWANZEY. Was you thinkin' of takin' Min out, Bert?

BERT. Just goin' down street a-ways.

SWANZEY. Well, ma wanted her to sort over the table linen. You know, we've got a lot of new tablecloths and napkins and towels—— Oh, gosh, more expense!

MINERVA. *(Entering, has on overcoat and is pulling on her gloves)* Well, here I am. Let's get a-going. *(Crosses to* L.C.*)*

BERT. *(Still sitting in chair at stove)* Pop says he wants you to help the old lady sort out some stuff. Besides, they ain't no show tonight, anyways. The manager ran off.

MINERVA. I'm paid to work till supper's over and not after. Come on.

SWANZEY. Well, now, look here, Min. You've had nearly every night off this week, and——

MINERVA. *(Turns and faces* SWANZEY*)* Is that so? Well, I've got *every* night off coming to me, Mr. Swanzey, if I want to take it.

BERT. *(Rising)* Now, listen to me, Min—I told you there wasn't any show tonight—and besides, I got a kind of a date anyways that I could go to town at——

MINERVA. *(Crosses to him)* Oh, you don't say so! Well, keep your date, *Mister* Savage. I guess I don't have to wait for you any time—and you don't get no supper, either, you great big stiff you—— *(She flounces back into the dining room.)*

SWANZEY. Well, I guess that's done it that time, Bert. Your goose is cooked, I'm afraid.

BERT. Don't you ever believe it. She'll be ready for the movies tomorrow night sure. Huh, I guess

I don't need anyone to tell *me* how to get along with the women. *(Sits in chair again.)*

(Enter CHARLES BRADFORD, JR. *He is half-seas over. A nice boy, but a little weak. Just needs the right sort of companionship to make a man of him. All greet him.)*

DILL. Howdy, Chuck.

CHUCK. Hez, I want to see you.

HEZ. *(Starting for the washroom)* All right, Chuck. Just come in here a minute.

BERT. When are you gonna sober up, Chuck?

CHUCK. Oh, mind your own business. (HEZ *leads* CHUCK *into the washroom.)*

VANCE. *(Rises and crosses up to* L. *of desk)* Well, he's gonna make a fine little husband for some nice gal some day. Cute little cuss. Well, he's not like his old man, anyhow. Say, there's a great little fellow.

SWANZEY. *No, sir!* Bad as he is sometimes, he ain't never as bad as that old *truant!*

VANCE. You don't mean truant, Pop—you mean tyrant.

SWANZEY. No, I don't—I mean *truant!* He's been playing hookey from jail so long he's a truant! *(Laugh from* DILL *and* BERT.*)*

VANCE. *(Laughing)* Truant! Playing hookey from jail. That's a good one!

HEZ. *(Pokes his head out the washroom door and calls the other men)* Somethin' doin', boys—come and get it. (BERT *and* DILL *go into the washroom, making ad lib. remarks about having a drink.)* Come along, Vance,—pre-war!

VANCE. No, thanks. (HEZ *closes the door as he goes out.* VANCE *turns to* SWANZEY*)* What's Bradford done to you, Pop? I thought you and him was good friends.

SWANZEY. So we was, so we was. Until he up and tells me he's got a lien on this property we're standing on right now.

VANCE. A lien on this hotel?

SWANZEY. Yes, on this hotel. Says it's good, too. He don't press me none for it now, but he says the lien's good and some day he'll have to have something for it.

VANCE. Won't he listen to reason?

SWANZEY. Oh, yes, he'll listen to reason. He says he'll take that property we got over there by the railroad—you know, Vance, the one near your piece. But, doggone it, I don't want to lose either for a measly little lien like this one. Taxes or something, it is.

VANCE. *(Leaning on desk)* By vum, that's too bad. Can't you pay up?

SWANZEY. Pay up? What with? I ain't got nothing to pay up with. He done the same thing to Tessie Sutton. Took the last bit of land that her family had, and they built this town to begin with. Took her little bit of property and she got nothing out of it. He says he'll do somethin' for her, but, doggone it, she'd rather have the property back or the money it's worth. Truant! I'll say he's playing hookey from the State's Penitentiary!

(Just at this, EMMA *and* MICKEY SHANNON *enter door* L., *with a big gust of wind. They are loaded with bags and grips, instrument cases, saxaphones, etc. They are both dressed in large fur coats.)*

MICKEY. Well, stand right in the door—stand right in the door.

EMMA. Well, I'm holding it open for you, you poor sap!

MICKEY. How do I get in?

EMMA. Walk in. That's what you've got legs for. God knows, you can't dance on 'em. Walk!

MICKEY. All right, wisecracker—save it for the act. Nobody here even paid war tax.

SWANZEY. *(Eyeing them)* So you're back again, huh? So you're back again!

MICKEY. *(To* EMMA*)* What a grand stern parent in a melodrama he'd make.

SWANZEY. So you're back again, huh?

MICKEY. Sure we're back again. How about that room, Uncle?

SWANZEY. I told you you couldn't have a room before, and I mean it now more than ever. I heard about the show busting.

EMMA. Well, what's that got to do with us? We got money to pay for a room.

SWANZEY. I told you you couldn't have a room with a dog and I mean it.

MICKEY. I tell you what you do. Give the wife a room and me and the dog'll stay down here. *(Takes up pen to register.)*

SWANZEY. *(Grabbing pen from him) No, no—no*—I tell you! If you want the truth, I don't want no actors in my hotel at all. Now, is that plain?

(MRS. SWANZEY *enters down stairs, overhearing.)*

MRS. SWANZEY. Why, Pa, that's no ways to talk. What's the matter?

SWANZEY. Now, Ma, don't you go buttin' in. I've made up my mind and nothin's goin' to change it. I say they can't have a room with a dog and I mean it.

MRS. SWANZEY. But they can't sleep out in the snow, and you wouldn't ask anybody to go to that dirty little hole down the street.

EMMA. I took a look at that dump, and I wouldn't let any dog of mine sleep there.

SWANZEY. Well, that's where you'll have to go if you want a hotel room this night. So there!

MRS. SWANZEY. Oh, Pa, I don't see how you can act so.

MICKEY. Leave him rave, missus, leave him rave! When he gets all through I'll talk to him.

SWANZEY. Now, I——

MICKEY. All right, Uncle, all right! How about getting warm for a while?

MRS. SWANZEY. Why, of course. You set right down here. *(Indicating chairs below stove, aside to them)* You just wait till he cools off a little—maybe he'll take you in.

(EMMA *and* MICKEY *cross to stove and deposit the bags, etc., on bench.* MRS. SWANZEY *goes to the desk.)*

EMMA. Thanks. As far as I'm concerned, he can keep his hotel.

MICKEY. Yeah? Well, who was squawking a while ago about a room? Huh? *(She doesn't answer.)* What's the matter? Are you sick?

EMMA. No—why?

MICKEY. Why no argument?

EMMA. Wait'll I get thawed out and we'll stage a good one. *(Is taking off her fur coat; sees the lurid calendar hanging on wall at stairs)* My Gawd, have you seen that thing?

MICKEY. What?

EMMA. That calendar. The guy that drew that must be in the batty house. For two cents I'd tear it down off the wall.

MICKEY. Yeah, go ahead—go ahead and get us chucked out in the snow.

(They are now seated on chairs at stove. MRS. SWANZEY *has gone back—to argue with* SWAN-

ZEY. BERT *and* DILL *enter from the washroom, wiping their mouths and laughing.)*

SWANZEY. No, no, no, I tell you! I made up my mind and nothing's goin' to change it. (MRS. SWANZEY, *with a sigh, crosses to dining room, giving* EMMA *and* MICKEY *a look as she passes them and exits.)* Doggone it, a man has to say a thing six or ten times before anyone'll believe he means it.

VANCE. Well, you've said it now eighty-one, and I believed you the first time. I'm gonna git shaved. *(Goes into barber shop.)*

BERT. Stick to it, Swanzey, old boy—don't let up, never! *(Winks and follows* VANCE *into barber shop.)*

DILL. What's the matter, Pop?

SWANZEY. Matter? Matter enough. *(To* MICKEY *and* EMMA*)* Now, there ain't no use your settin' there waitin'—'twon't do you no good!

MICKEY All right, all right! Leave us get warmed, will you? *(Aside to* EMMA*)* C'mon, let's blow!

EMMA. When I get good and thawed out I will, and not a minute sooner.

SWANZEY. Well, if you set there too long, I'll have the Marshal tell you where to go.

MICKEY. Yeah? Well, whyn't you try telling us? *(There is a pause at this, as though everyone was waiting for a fight to start.* SWANZEY *doesn't answer. After a second)* Aw, c'mon, Em. Let's blow —you must be warm now.

DILL. *(At desk)* When she gets up, three of us can sit down.

MICKEY. *(Coming right close to him)* You're the town clown here, are you?

DILL. *(Frightened by* MICKEY's *fierceness.* MICKEY *stands with his face close to him)* What?

MICKEY. I say, you're the town clown here, are you?

DILL. *(Clumsily salutes, scared to death)* Yes—sir—er—— *(He goes quickly out door* L. *to street.)*

MICKEY. *(To* SWANZEY*)* Well, dimwit, do we still have to vamp into the snow?

SWANZEY. Why—er—you can sit there till you git warm—ahem—er—yes. *(Intimidated, he goes into the barber shop.)*

MICKEY. *(Crossing back to stove)* Fine note this is. Gee whiz, I was never so cold in my life.

EMMA. Well, if you're cold, how do you think *we* feel? *(She opens grip and takes out the white poodle, which she cuddles and fondles)* Do you realize this poor little thing ain't had a bite to eat all day?—and it's way past his feeding time now.

MICKEY. It's been past *my* feeding time for a month.

EMMA. Yeah? Whose fault was it we took this trek over the Alps? Whose fault, whose?

MICKEY. Well, whose?—Was it mine?

EMMA. Certainly it was yours, you poor Lord-forsaken shine, you!

MICKEY. *(Grinning)* Attagirl!—all warmed up and your old self again. Give us a kiss! *(Over her and kiss.)*

EMMA. Mickey Shannon, for heaven's sake—that tavern keeper'll think we ain't been married but a minute or two.

MICKEY. Or maybe never. At that, though, I'm hungry.

EMMA. Well, what do you think I've been doing all this time—kiddin'?

MICKEY. Well, there it is. *(Points to the dining room)* What do you say we give it a rap? It can't be any worse than that grease house we et at this morning. *(Crosses to dining room door.)*

EMMA. If there's sassafrass tea on the bill of

fare, I'll know what town I'm in. *(She picks up the dog and gets to the door, where they are met by* MINERVA.*)*

MINERVA. Well, what do you want?

MICKEY. *(Grinning at her)* Just want to muss up a few groceries—how about it, Sister?

MINERVA. *(Not falling for the grin)* Well, you can't muss no groceries up in here, and I ain't your sister.

EMMA. Why not?

MINERVA. Because I say so, that's why not!

EMMA. Who are you?

MINERVA. I happen to be running this dining room, and it's way past the regular supper hour, and you nor nobody else gets anything. And how do you like that, Miss Fresh? *(She makes a face and exits into dining room.)*

MICKEY. I never see such a battlin' town in my life. I'll bet the crop of fighters of all weights that come out of this tank'd fill the Yankee Stadium.

EMMA. *(Looking off to dining room)* Well, I'd certainly like one good sock at that biscuit-shooter.

MICKEY. Yes, and you'd probably get the trimming of your life.

EMMA. Oh, you think I would, huh? I guess you've forgotten what happened to that lady rifle-shot we ran into on the Pacific Coast last year.

MICKEY. *(Innocently)* Why, who was that?

EMMA. You know who she was, all right—and you know why I took a sock at her, too.

MICKEY. Hey, listen—I never——

EMMA. You bet you never! You never got the chance—I saw to that.

MICKEY. Are you insinuating that I——

EMMA. I ain't insinuating nothing, but I know where you got all your elegant ideas for fixing up the act from.

MICKEY. Well, they was good ideas, and I never got 'em from her.

EMMA. No, but you got 'em from that old fat-headed old father of hers. Trying to tell me that an anniline drop would look as well as a plush and be cheaper and easier to carry.

MICKEY. Yeah, and it would, too.

EMMA. Certainly it would. All you've got to do is to chuck it in a trunk, and when you get to your next stand you take it out and hang it up and there it is and that's just what it looks like. Anniline drop! Huh!

MICKEY. Hey, look—do you know you gotta carry a stage hand to set up a plush drop, do you?

EMMA. Well, suppose you do. Don't that add class to the act? Ought to have a piano-player, too. That's what adds the real class.

MICKEY. Yeah, and a musical director and six chorus gals, and a maid for you and a valet for me, and a secretary for us both, and a dog leader for the blight there—a-h—!

EMMA. Now, you listen to me, Mickey Shannon! Will you ever get it through that thick Irish head of yours that class is everything? Class is what counts for more than anything in all this world. Now, you can kid yourself that we've made good with our old act and saved money and all, but you can't tell me that if we didn't class up our new one we couldn't get as much as the big ones and more—'cause we got the material. You're a natural born showman, Mickey. You write better material than anyone I know.

MICKEY. Hey, don't try and bull yourself out of this argument now. We been doing this same act with new and better material for years and getting good dough with it. Now you want to change everything and add expense—and I tell you no plush drop for mine.

EMMA. And I tell you no cheap painted scenery for mine.

MICKEY. And there we are right back where we started from.

EMMA. Yes, right where we were when you let that little agent kid you into joining this cheesy road show. Gee, I bet they routed this one out of the Sears-Roebuck catalogue. As an agent, that little fella's a first-class aviator.

MICKEY. Aw, you're off your nut. Why, Benny Baxter's got the rep of being one of the best agents in the business. Lookit the way he stands with the booking office. Lookit the way he stands with E. F. Albee, head of the Keith Circuit—lookit the way he stands with Murdock——

EMMA. Lookit the way he stands with *me!*

MICKEY. Aw, save it for the act. Besides, we ain't out much. I'll shoot him a wire and we'll maybe grab off some time right around here.

EMMA. We're out all the time we might a had breaking in our new act and getting ready for the big money, that's what we're out. It's gonna mean a whole long year's difference in our calculations for the farm.

MICKEY. Whadda ya mean, a year? We'll make this up in no time. Why, we can get back and get our drops painted and——

EMMA. And two hundred yards of *plush!* Now, you listen to me, Mickey Shannon—I tell you I don't work that new act with no painted scenery if we never work again.

MICKEY. Hey, look—you want a farm, don't you!

EMMA. No, I don't! You're the one that always wanted a farm. I had enough of farms and farming when I was a kid. And when I hear you arguing about painted scenery, and when that *good* agent of ours books us over this split-pea time, into these humpty-dumpty opry houses, into such dandy little

dumps as this—*(Looks at calendar)*—with such elegant little works of art as that on the wall—gee, if I owned one per cent of this dump I'd have that thing down so fast——

MICKEY. Say, what's the matter with you? Is that calendar the worst thing you can find wrong with this joint? *(Rises)* Come on, and get your clothes on. Let's find a grease house—I'm hungry.

EMMA. No—I gotta kind of a funny hunch that we're gonna eat here yet.

MICKEY. *(Points to dining room)* Here? In there? With that female traffic cop guarding the door? At your age!

EMMA. Just the same, I got the hunch—and besides, I ain't warmed up yet.

MICKEY. Well, I'm goin' to blow. Will I bring you back a sandwich?

EMMA. You needn't bother. I'll eat—and I'll have hot groceries, too.

MICKEY. You will when you cook 'em yourself, and not a minute sooner. I ain't had a hot meal or a cup of real java in so long I don't know what they are any more. *(Starts to put on coat.)*

(CHUCK *and* HEZ *enter from washroom.* CHUCK *is a little worse than when he went in. They come down to front of the desk.)*

CHUCK. Wait a minute—just another little drink in the Swanzey House—and then I'll be all right. *(He sees* MICKEY *and* EMMA*)* Oh, how do you do?

EMMA. Terrible. How do you do it?

CHUCK. *(Laughing)* That's all right. Yes, sir, that's all right. One more drink—— *(Starts to drink out of bottle.)*

EMMA. Say, young fellow, you always drink alone?

CHUCK. Why, no. Will you take a little snort with me? *(Offering bottle.)*

MICKEY. Naw, we won't take no snort. On your way.

EMMA. Who speaks for me?

MICKEY. *I* do.

EMMA. At an Elk's meeting, maybe, not otherwise. *(To* CHUCK*)* Thanks, young fellow— *(Takes bottle)* I'm a little bit cold and I guess a drop or two won't do me a bit of harm. Got a glass?

CHUCK. Certainly. Hez, get a glass for the lady. (HEZ *ducks for the glass.* CHUCK *moves up to washroom door.)*

MICKEY. Hey, Em, you ain't gonna drink any of that leopard sweat, are you?

EMMA. Be yourself—be yourself!

CHUCK. *(Sincerely, coming down to her)* Now, I don't want you to be afraid of this. It's excellent stuff—excellent. Hez makes every bit of it himself.

EMMA. *(Smelling bottle)* Yes, it smells good. Smells like applejack.

CHUCK. It is—real good old—— Say, you've got a good nose.

EMMA. *(Looking at* MICKEY*)* Oh, I've had lots of experience with breaths in the past. (MICKEY *takes fur coat up to bench, in disgust.)*

CHUCK. *(At door to washroom)* Hey, Hez! Come on with the glass, will you?

MICKEY. *(Coming down to* R. *of* EMMA*)* Emma Shannon, are you gonna drink that scorpion broth?

EMMA. Yes. Why not?

MICKEY. Well, I'll tell you why not. Because I won't stand for it, that's why not. I know I used to hit it up pretty hard at one time, but I ain't had a drop in years. Why—because you touted me off'n it and I never went back. And I ain't gonna stand here and leave you drink that just because you happen to be feeling a little bit low right now. Why,

you don't need it. You're sitting by the side of a stove and you must be warm—and pretty soon we'll have something to eat—and I jist won't stand for it, that's all.

EMMA. *(With polite interest)* I like Billy Sunday much better. (MICKEY *turns away in disgust.)* Do a couple of steps and maybe you'd get your stuff over.

CHUCK. *(Still at the washroom door)* Hez, come on with that glass!

*(*HEZ *returns with glass from washroom and hands it to* CHUCK.*)*

HEZ. Here you are. Now be careful, ma'am, 'cause that's right powerful. (CHUCK *hands* EMMA *the glass.)*

EMMA. Now don't you tell me what to do with my drinking. I bet you I've drunk worse than this many times. *(She pours out nearly all that is in the flask into glass, watched fascinatedly by the three men.)* Well, here's all the varnish off the piano, Old Timer!

CHUCK. *(Takes the bottle and sees it is nearly empty; turns to* HEZ*)* Holy smoke! (MICKEY, *in disgust, goes up. As the three men are turned away from her, she dumps the drink into the spittoon at her feet. Smacking her lips)* Ha! *Hah!* That certainly is good. *(They look at her in awe and respect for such a drinker.)* Have a shot, Mickey?

MICKEY. *(Glares at her)* Aw!

EMMA. *(To* CHUCK*)* Go ahead, young fellow, kill the bottle.

CHUCK. It's dead now.

EMMA. Got any more of this, Mr.—er—I don't believe I got your name——

HEZ. Davis, ma'am. Davis—Hez Davis! No, I'm sorry that's the last I brung with me, but I'll

have some tomorrow. Shall I bring you a quart or so down?

EMMA. Let's see. Tomorrow's Friday, isn't it? I don't believe I've got all my drinking done this week. Moving around from one town to another certainly does interfere with your drinking. Now, you bring me down a couple of quarts tomorrow, and ship me about ten gallons next Monday. Maybe I can get caught up.

(CHUCK *can't quite get it through his head.* MICKEY *isn't quite certain what she's up to, and* HEZ *is all aglow with the prospect of such a sale.)*

HEZ. Yes, ma'am, I'll tend to your order. Thank you, ma'am. Thank you! *(He starts towards door* L.*)*

CHUCK. Madam, I want to congratulate you. You are, without any doubt, the finest two-handed drinker, male or female, I have ever seen.

EMMA. Thank you.

MICKEY. You ain't seen nothin'! You ought to see her old man.

(THERESA SUTTON *enters* L. *She is just a nice girl, pretty, of good family, and they at one time owned most of the town; the family fortune has dwindled to almost nothing, and she has been away being educated so that she is not in such good standing in the town, as they resent her city ways, etc.)*

TESSIE. Is Mrs. Swanzey here—— Oh! *(Sees* CHUCK, *stops—then crosses quickly to stairs.)*

CHUCK. *(Turns and sees her, sobered a little)* Tess! Tess, listen to me a minute—I can explain— (TESSIE *tosses her head in the air and continues up the stairs.)* Tess! (TESSIE *disappears upstairs.*

CHUCK *starts for the door* L., *turns to* EMMA *and* MICKEY) You'll excuse me, madam, I hope. And you, too, sir. *(He bows to them both and starts to go out door* L.)

HEZ. Look out, Chuck—don't go that way—your old man is liable to see you!

CHUCK. I don't care who sees me—let 'em all see me if they want to! *(Exits* L.)

MICKEY. Well, a fine egg you made out of yourself, didn't you!

EMMA. Me? How?

MICKEY. How? You sit there and lap up a shot that would knock a horse over—to say nothing of taking a guy's last drink that he's gonna crave in the morning—and then ask *how! (Sits* L. *of stove.)*

EMMA. Mickey, be yourself. Do you think I'd let that nice kid have all that rotten stuff if I could get it away from him?

MICKEY. Is that the reason?

EMMA. Sure.

MICKEY. What did you do with it, then?

EMMA. In the gaboon, boy—in the gaboon!

MICKEY. Well, why not let me in when you pull them stunts? What kind of a stepchild am I? Huh?

(TESSIE *re-enters from upstairs.)*

TESSIE. Mr. Davis! *(Comes down the stairs and crosses to* HEZ L.C.*)* Mr. Davis, why do you let Chuck have that liquor? You know what it's doing to him.

(SWANZEY *comes in from the barber shop.)*

HEZ. Now see here, Miss Tessie. 'Tain't my fault if folks want their little tot once in a while!

TESSIE. I told you once what I thought of you

for what you are doing, and I have no reason to change my mind.

SWANZEY. She's right, Hez—she's right—and I don't want any more of that liquor brought into my hotel. *(To* TESSIE*)* Tessie, what you doin' out a night like this? Gosh! (HEZ *exits* L. *to street.)*

TESSIE. Why, I brought Mother Swanzey those magazines. *(In front of desk)* And listen—I asked that lawyer from Boston all about the tax laws.

SWANZEY. Yes?—and what did he say?

TESSIE. He says that all you have to pay is the taxes and arrears, plus bank interest. How much do you owe?

SWANZEY. Doggone it, that's just it. I owed so durned much it don't look like I'll ever get enough to pay it off. I'm liable to lose this hotel—unless I mortgage the out-of-town property, but that'd be out of the frying-pan into the fire, 'cause Bradford'd buy up that mortgage in a minute. Doggone it, it don't look as if they was any way out of it.

TESSIE. Oh, there must be some way.

EMMA. *(Aside to* MICKEY*)* Too bad if the poor old boy loses his little shed.

MICKEY. I hope he does, and I hope he loses his glasses and his Sunday upper plate.

EMMA. Gee, you're tough!

MICKEY. You'd be surprised. Who's the gal?

EMMA. I don't know, but she's the only one in this town that don't look like Monday afternoon at the Palace. Bet she's from Boston.

MICKEY. How do you know?

EMMA. I don't know. She just looks like Ha'-vard Square to me.

(During this TESSIE *and* SWANZEY *have been talking in pantomime in front of desk up* C. MRS. SWANZEY *enters from dining room.)*

MRS. SWANZEY. Tessie!

TESSIE. Oh, I was looking for you upstairs. I brought over those magazines.

MRS. SWANZEY. Oh, you did, dear? What made you come out a night like this? Come right upstairs and get thawed out. I don't suppose Paw had the sense to ask you to take your things off. *(Starting up the stairs with* TESSIE, *looks over banister and sees* EMMA *and* MICKEY*)* Oh, did you get warmed up all right?

MICKEY. *(With a look towards* SWANZEY*)* Yeah —we got warmed.

MRS. SWANZEY. I'm sorry Minerva is so funny about her dining room. You must be awful hungry. She'll go in a few minutes, and then I'll slip down and get you a snack. Come on up, Tessie—I swan, there's an awful lot to be done around here, and the dear Lord knows we pay out enough for help. Now, there's poor Shorty, he—— *(Her voice trails off as they exit upstairs.* SWANZEY *is now aware that* EMMA *and* MICKEY *are still in the hotel. He bends a look on them.)*

EMMA. Peek! I see you, you little rascal, hiding behind those cheaters. Peek-a-boo! *(She shakes her finger at him as to a naughty child.)*

SWANZEY. *So!*—You're still there, are you?

MICKEY. I knew you'd get him started.

SWANZEY. *(Coming out from behind desk and down to* C.*)* Now, look here, young woman, they ain't no use your trying to get around me through Ma, 'cause I won't be budged!

EMMA. Who's trying to budge you? For heaven's sake, Mickey Shannon, you trying to budge that poor man? Bad Mickey, budging mans.

SWANZEY. Now, look here, young woman. I won't stand for your nonsense, I tell you that! I won't put nobody out in the cold, but if you don't

keep your flip talk to yourself, I'll have the law on you.

MICKEY. Keep on and you'll have us in the lock-up!

SWANZEY. Yes, you will—yes, you will, too!

(HEZ *enters from* L. *door on the run, looking back.)*

HEZ. Say, Pop, here comes old man Bradford. He's draggin' Chuck with him, and he's just hostile. Don't tell him where I went. *(Goes up to washroom door)* He'd about skin me alive! *(Exits into washroom.)*

CHUCK. *(Outside)* Please don't hold me, Father!

BRADFORD. *(Outside)* You come in here! I'll settle this! *(Enter* CHARLES BRADFORD, SR., *with* CHUCK. *He is leading him by the arm and jerking him along.* BRADFORD *is a large, sombre man of self-made type, but is not of the country or small-town type. In other words, he is not the mortgage-holding town type. He stays within the law and that's just about all. He nearly has the town as he wants it.)* Swanzey, where's that rat of a bootlegger of yours?

SWANZEY. I ain't got no bootlegger, Mr. Bradford——

BRADFORD. Don't contradict me! I said that bootlegger of yours, and I mean it. Here's where he hangs out and does his rotten business, isn't it? Well?

SWANZEY. Do—do—do you mean Hez—Hez Davis?

BRADFORD. You know who I mean. Now, I'm warning you, and I want you to warn him. I'm going to have him put in jail the minute the sheriff lays eyes on him, and if you know what's good for you, you'll keep this young loafer out of this hotel. Do you hear me?

SWANZEY. Now, see here, Mr. Bradford, I don't know anything about Hez—I don't pay him nothing and I don't get nothing out of him.

BRADFORD. You're lying, you old booze monger, you! (OSCAR *comes in from the barber shop.)* You and Hez Davis are in cahoots, and you know it.

(OSCAR *looks back into the barber shop and calls out the crowd, who come in to see what the row is about. First* VANCE, *then* NEWT EDDY, DILL, BERT *and* PHIL.*)*

SWANZEY. Now, see here, Mr. Bradford—you can't talk to me that way. I don't care who you be nor who you think you be——

BRADFORD. You're breaking the law, you and that bootlegger. Now, I'm going to wipe out this liquor traffic if I have to buy up the whole town to do it. *(Moves towards him.)*

NEWT. *(Interrupting)* Why, Mr. Bradford——

BRADFORD. *(Turning upon him)* Don't interrupt!

NEWT. Excuse me!

BRADFORD. *(Turns to* SWANZEY*)* And don't you tell me what to say nor how to say it. I talk in this town as I see fit.

SWANZEY. Well, you can't talk to me as you see fit. I ain't done a durned thing ag'in' the law, but by gosh, I believe *you* have, with your tax lien and—

BRADFORD. Ah, hah! So that's what's worrying you, eh? Tax liens! Well, let me tell you something—you be ready to vacate this property the first thing in the morning.

SWANZEY. Well, you better come with a gun, 'cause I'll drive you off with one if you try to get my property away from me.

BRADFORD. You will, eh? All right! Oh, Newt! (NEWT EDDY, *a little country shyster, comes for-*

wards between them.) Tell this old fool what the law is about this property. Go ahead.

NEWT. I'm sorry, Pop, but he's right. He can put you out on a minute's notice unless you pay both the principal and interest.

(TESSIE *and* MRS. SWANZEY *have entered down stairway in time to hear the last few speeches.)*

SWANZEY. *(Struck dumb by this)* He can't—can he?

NEWT. Yep! (SWANZEY, *his head bowed, steps back to the desk.* NEWT *moves away to* L.)

BRADFORD. Well, does that satisfy you? Now maybe you'll listen when you're spoken to.

TESSIE. *(Coming down)* Well, I won't listen, Mr. Bradford.

MRS. SWANZEY. Tessie!

TESSIE. I know what I'm doing. *(Coming down to* BRADFORD*)* I'd advise you to listen to me.

BRADFORD. There's only one thing I've got to say to you—you keep away from my son.

TESSIE. I don't care to discuss your son nor anything with you. But I want you to listen to me. You're attempting something that's unlawful when you try to put Mr. Swanzey out of this hotel. I inquired about the laws concerning this case, and the lawyer from Boston told me that——

NEWT. What does a lawyer from Boston know about the law here?

TESSIE. The law applies all over the State.

BRADFORD. Does it? Well, I've told you what the law is that applies *here* and that's the way it's going through. Now, see here, young woman——

CHUCK. Father——!

BRADFORD. *(To* CHUCK*)* Keep still! *(To* TESSIE*)* Your folks owned this town once. Now what I say goes. Are you going to keep away from my son or not?

TESSIE. I'm going to do exactly as I please.

BRADFORD. Then you're through as librarian of this town!

CHUCK. Father, you wouldn't——

BRADFORD. *(To* CHUCK*)* That's enough! *(To* TESSIE*)* Is that quite clear, *Miss Sutton?*

CHUCK. But, Father——

BRADFORD. *(To* CHUCK*)* You keep out of this!

CHUCK. I won't!

BRADFORD. *(Turning upon him)* What—you dare cross me?

CHUCK. *(Defiantly)* I'm crossing you now!

EMMA. Atta bouncing baby! *(Consternation.)*

BRADFORD. *(Turning upon her)* Who are you?

MICKEY. *(Bounding forward)* Who wants to know?

BRADFORD. Well, I'd advise you to mind your own business.

MICKEY. I'll mind yours for you if you say anything to my wife—get that?

CHUCK. I'll have to ask you to keep out of this, please.

EMMA. We're out now, Buddie—start your second round.

BRADFORD. *(Turning to crowd)* Who are these people.

OSCAR. *(In back of the crowd up* L.*)* Oh, just a couple of cheap show actors.

EMMA. Cheap!

MICKEY. Cheap! Who said that?

BRADFORD. Oh, so that's it, eh? Show folks, bah! I might have known it! That's the way this hotel has always been run. Now here we have 'em all—bootleggers and show folks and this—— *(Points to* TESSIE.*)*

CHUCK. Father, you're going too far. That's enough!

BRADFORD. *(Turning upon him)* Oh, is it? Well, what are you going to do about it?

CHUCK. I'll—I'll never step foot in your house again, that's all.

BRADFORD. You're going home with me *right now.*

EMMA. Stick it out, kid!

BRADFORD. You shut up, you—you—— *(Turns upon her.)*

MICKEY. *(Coming close to him)* Say—I been listening to you for about ten minutes and all I been wanting to do is to take a smack at you. You may be a headliner in this town, but you look like a supper show to me, get 'at! And if I hear one peep out of you about me or me wife or that gal there, I'll take one good rap at you, and believe me that's all you'll need between here and the cemetery! *(*BRADFORD *makes no reply.* MICKEY *turns away, disgusted)* Aw, blah! *(Sits again at stove.)*

TESSIE. Mr. Bradford, don't you think to avoid further trouble you'd better go?

BRADFORD. Perhaps you're right. I can always return—with the sheriff! *(Crosses to door* L. MICKEY *and* EMMA *both look up and laugh at the word "sheriff.")* Come, Charles!

CHUCK. I'm not going.

BRADFORD. Well, you most certainly are! Come along.

CHUCK. I'm not going.

BRADFORD. Well, you most certainly are! Come along.

CHUCK. I'm not going.

BRADFORD. You're not going to stay here with—

CHUCK. *(Defiantly)* I won't go!

BRADFORD. Charles—how about your mother?—It will kill her if you do a thing like this, and you know it!

TESSIE. *(Crosses to* CHUCK *and touches him on the arm)* You'd better go!

CHUCK. *(Turns to her)* Are you——

TESSIE. *(Turning away)* I wouldn't want anything to happen to your mother.

EMMA. *(To* MICKEY*)* He's just using that to scare the kid.

MICKEY. *(Turning in his chair)* You're a sap if you fall for that mother stuff. He'll wave a flag at you next.

BRADFORD. Will you keep your mouth shut?

MICKEY. *(Rising)* Remember what I promised you!

EMMA. Mickey, sit down and behave! (MICKEY *sits.)*

BRADFORD. Come, Charles!

TESSIE. It's best that you go.

CHUCK. Tess—I——

BRADFORD. Charles!

(CHUCK *suddenly turns and goes out door* L. BRADFORD *looks at* TESSIE *scornfully and follows him off. All watch them exit. Then* TESSIE *goes over to* EMMA *and* MICKEY.*)*

TESSIE. *(*R.C.*)* I want to thank you for what you tried to do. It was very brave and thoughtful of you. Thank you.

EMMA. I certainly hated to see that old blight get away with that mother gag with that boy.

TESSIE. Mrs. Bradford is an invalid and a shock might kill her—he uses her to try and influence Charlie and——

EMMA. You think he's a pretty nice boy, don't you?

TESSIE. Charlie and I were once——

EMMA. I know—then he started drinking and—

MICKEY. Aw, that's nothing. Aw, don't let that

worry you none. I used to be the worst lush in vaudeville, and that's saying plenty—and *now*—well, *look!*

EMMA. Yes, *look*—but don't laugh too loud! *(Rises and comes to* TESSIE*)* Don't you worry about that boy. He's a fine kid—all he needs is a little good treatment *at home*—and the sooner he gets it—*"at home"*—the better it's going to be. Is that quite clear?

TESSIE. *(Smiling at her)* It's very clear—and thank you so much again. *(They shake hands.)*

MICKEY. *(Comes down and shakes her hand)* If you ever get to New York, give us a ring, and I'll take you to lunch at the N.V.A.

EMMA. That'll be dandy. She'll just love that.

TESSIE. You're very kind. Thank you. Good-bye!

EMMA *and* MICKEY. Bye-bye!

*(*TESSIE *goes up to the* SWANZEYS, *who are in front of the desk in despair.* MRS. SWANZEY *is trying to comfort the old man.)*

TESSIE. Now, don't you two worry—everything will come out all right—I know it!

SWANZEY. *(Crossing down to chair* L.*)* No, I tell you, 'tain't no use. He's got me right where he wants me. Just as he gets everything he goes after. And he'll get that property of yours, too, Tessie, you'll see.

TESSIE. *(Coming down with him)* No, he won't—and if you hold on tight and fight him, I'm sure you'll come out all right, too! *(To* MRS. SWANZEY, *who has followed them down)* Won't he, dear?

SWANZEY. How can I fight when I ain't got anything to fight with?

TESSIE. Now, see here. The lawyer in Boston will help us. Now, don't you worry your heads

about it. Just go to bed and try to get some sleep. Good night! *(Kisses* MRS. SWANZEY *and exits* L.*)*

VANCE. *(Comes down and pats* SWANZEY *on the shoulder, then turns up to the men in front of barber shop door)* Come on, boys—let's watch Henery get shaved. *(They start out.* MICKEY *rises and comes to* C.*)*

MICKEY. Wait a minute. There's a little thing got to be settled yet. Which one of you pulled that one a while ago about show actors? *(The crowd all look at each other.)*

VANCE. *(Coming down to* MICKEY*)* Well, I don't believe it was me—'cause I didn't know what you was, and even if I did, I don't believe I'd take the trouble to tell old Bradford about it.

NEWT. Well, 'twarn't me, either.

DILL. Well, it wasn't me! *(They all start out the door again.)*

BERT. *(Crossing to* MICKEY, *belligerently)* Well, what if it was *me?* What would you have done about it, huh?

MICKEY. Well, I was going to say that the cheap part of that crack is all wrong. We don't usually go with them kind, that's all.

BERT. Oh, is that all? Well, I thought from the way you started that you was going to *do* something about it.

MICKEY. Oh, no—I just wanted to get it straight, that's all. *(He moves away from him and crosses to* R.C. *The crowd all laugh and exit into the barber shop.)*

EMMA. *(Laughing)* Ha—ha—ha! A fine sap you made of yourself, didn't you!

MICKEY. Well, how did I know that the guy that said it was gone? And did I know that the big egg would claim it? Gee, you want me to be mauled by that baby elephant?

EMMA. I noticed you wasn't afraid of being

mauled by that old mortgage-holder. I wonder if he's a deacon.

MICKEY. Aw, what of it? Say, are we gonna sit here all night? I'm getting so hungry I could eat Pollyanna there. Where's that hunch of yours about getting in the dining room?

EMMA. Well, it isn't twelve o'clock yet. Besides, I'm doing some heavy thinking.

(The SWANZEYS *are sitting in chairs down* L. MRS. SWANZEY *is knitting or darning, and* SWANZEY *is looking over some bills.)*

SWANZEY. I don't know what we're to do, Ma. I seem to be in a big, deep hole that I can't get out of.

MRS. SWANZEY. There—there—now, Pa, don't think any more about it tonight. Jest you let Nappy stay here and you go right up stairs and go to bed early; and in the morning you'll be all right.

SWANZEY. Fight—fight—fight! That's all there seems to be nowadays. If I was as spry as that there actor feller, I might be able to handle all this.

(SHORTY JONES, *who has come in and arranged the chairs, now goes into the dining room.)*

MRS. SWANZEY. Say, wasn't it right pert the way he talked back to old Mr. Bradford?

SWANZEY. Yes, it was.

MRS. SWANZEY. Now ain't you sorry you was so mean to them a while ago?

SWANZEY. Yes, I am. Yes, I am, too. Say, folks. *Say!*

MICKEY. What? Oh, yeah, we're just going.

SWANZEY. Well, I wanted to say I'm sorry that I——

(At this point MINERVA *puts* SHORTY *out of the dining room.)*

MINERVA. You've been told where to go—now go that way! *(Slams door.* SHORTY *sadly shakes his head at* EMMA, *who has seen.)*

EMMA. I know how you feel, buddy—she did it to me, too.

SHORTY. Yes'm. She sure is a powerful-minded lady. But, mercy-goodness, she wants me to go way out in the snow an' go roun' by the kitchen door to get my supper.

EMMA. Well, whyn't you tell the boss about it?

SHORTY. Well, I'll try, but she don't pay hardly no more attention to him'n she do to me. Say, Miss' Swanzey—— *(Crosses to* C.*)* Do I have to go way out fru the snow and ice to get my supper? Miss Minnie says I has to.

MRS. SWANZEY. Oh, I guess she didn't understand, Shorty. I'll speak to her. *(Crosses to dining room door and calls)* Minerva! Minerva! Oh, Minerva!

MINERVA. *(Appears in the door)* Well?

MRS. SWANZEY. I guess you didn't understand. Poor Shorty wants his supper, that's all, and he'd have to walk way round through the snow to get to the kitchen door. Come along, Shorty, you can——

MINERVA. *No, he can't!* I told him the way to go, and that's the way he's gonna go if he wants his supper. I ain't gonna have my dining room all tracked up by that dirty thing.

MRS. SWANZEY. But, Minerva, Shorty is just as clean as he can be, and besides——

MINERVA. Now, see here! You tend to your own knitting, and I'll tend to mine. I won't have the likes of you telling me what to do.

SWANZEY. *(Rises to* L.C.*)* Now, see here, Minerva——

MINERVA. Well?

SWANZEY. I ain't goin' to have you talk to Ma that way.

MINERVA. I'll talk to her any ways I want to. And you just try to fire me. You can't and you know it. Where'd your railroad trade be if I left, and where'd you be without your railroad trade?

SWANZEY. Well, leaving all that aside, that ain't no ways to talk to an old lady that's old enough to be your mother——

MINERVA. Oh, pooh! I'll talk like I want to. And I'll tell you a few things, too, *Mister* Swanzey. Where do you get off at runnin' a hotel? Why, you two old fools ought to be on the poor farm where you belong—— (MRS. SWANZEY *crosses to down* L. SHORTY *exits into washroom.)*

EMMA. *(Rising)* Oh, I can't let that one pass—I'm too hungry!

MINERVA. *(Turning to her, forward two steps)* What'd you say?

EMMA. I said this looks like a good enough public fight for *anyone* to get into!

MINERVA. Huh! Play actress! Huh!

EMMA. *(Turning to* MICKEY*)* Did you hear what she called me?

MICKEY. What?

EMMA. She called me a play actress!

MICKEY. Well, maybe she's right—I never noticed it myself.

MINERVA. I guess you better mind your own business.

EMMA. That's just what I'm going to do. You annoy me. You refused to allow us anything to eat and would make us go out into the storm to get it. Now, we'll let all that pass. I never fell very hard for that mother stuff, but I happened to have a dandy little mother myself, and I'm not going to sit here like a sap while you bawl that nice little woman

out. Does that seep through your thick skull—you ten-cent biscuit-shooter, you?

MINERVA. *(Aghast) What?*

EMMA. Don't stand there necking at me like an ostrich—but come back with a wisecrack that'll cause me to sock you right in the jaw!

MINERVA. Why—why—why——

MICKEY. She's asking you why—— Go ahead. Tell her.

EMMA. Oh, you want some more, do you? Well, then—I don't like your hair, nor your face, and I don't like your feet, and I hate the shape of your nose so bad that if you'll come back just once I'll change it for you!

MINERVA. Why, you dirty——

EMMA. *That's* the one I've been waiting for—*(Gives her a resounding slap.)*

MINERVA. *(Screaming, runs up to barber shop door)* Bert! *Bert! Bert!* Come here! *(She is wailing.* BERT *enters from the barber shop.)*

BERT. What is it? What's the matter?

MINERVA. *(Points to* EMMA*)* She hit me!

BERT. What?

MINERVA. *She hit me!*

BERT. *(Crosses down* C., *to* EMMA*)* Say, did you hit her?

EMMA. *(Crossing to him* C.*)* I certainly did—and what are you going to do about it?

BERT. *(Taken aback)* Why—don't do it again, that's all.

MINERVA. Is that all you're going to do about it? Why don't you hit *him?*

BERT. *(To* MICKEY*)* Say, did your wife hit her?

MICKEY. Well, what business is it of mine?

BERT. I've got a good mind to smash *you* for it!

EMMA. Well, you'd better change your mind, because it's just between us girls!

MINERVA. *(To* BERT*)* Are you gonna let them both get away? The dirty——

EMMA. Careful—remember what happened to language like that over there just now!

MINERVA. Well, anyways, the whole fault is theirs! *(Points to the* SWANZEYS*)* They started to pick on me and then she butted in and slapped me. But it was them that started it. *(Points to the* SWANZEYS.*)*

BERT. *(Coming down to the* SWANZEYS*)* Say, Swanzey, what are you allus pickin' on Min for?

MRS. SWANZEY. We didn't pick on her, Bert—we—

MINERVA. They did, too! And they offered to fire me, too! Just because I wouldn't let that dirty thing tromp through my dining room.

(The following groups of speeches are spoken together, as indicated.)

MICKEY. Say, what's the idea? What are you trying to do, get me slugged?

BERT. Well, it's a wonder you wouldn't get a better hold on that temper of yours.

SWANZEY. Ma, you mustn't get so touchy with Minerva, not at this time.

EMMA. Get you slugged, you sap! I can take care of myself—why can't you?

MINERVA. Hold your own temper, you big thing, you! You were afraid of that little runt of an actor!

MRS. SWANZEY. Why, Pa, I didn't get touchy! It was you when she started on me!

MICKEY. I can take care of myself, all right But I can't sock a woman, can I?

BERT. Afraid of that feller? Huh! I guess not! I scared him half to death a while ago. You get so——

SWANZEY. Well, I wasn't going to see anyone talk sassy to you!

MINERVA. *Oh-h-h!* I'm going to get through and go home, and you needn't wait for me, neither! *(She flounces off into the dining room.)*

BERT. Aw, who wants to wait for you? I got better things to do than that. *(He flounces off into the barber shop.)*

EMMA. Well, beat it and do them!

SWANZEY. *(Sits again in chair* L.*)* There—there—there—mother! Now, don't you cry! (MRS. SWANZEY *is quietly crying.)* Don't cry, Ma. Gosh, I wish I was out of this old shebang. I been runnin' it at a loss for nigh onto three year, and now it looks as though I've lost it altogether. *(They are seated near door to street where* SWANZEY *has led her.)*

EMMA. *(Overhears, looks around the room, getting the thought)* Mickey.

MICKEY. What?

EMMA. *(Crosses to him)* Mickey—here's my hunch!

MICKEY. All right, go ahead—spring it.

EMMA. Well, you know we've been saving up for a farm, ain't we?

MICKEY. Well?

EMMA. Well, have you any idea how much money is to be made off a farm?

MICKEY. Plenty—if you work hard and stick long enough.

EMMA. Yes, that's just it—if you stick long enough and if you work hard enough. But have you got any idea what that working and sticking means? Have you, now, have you?

MICKEY. Hey, this ain't about a farm. C'mon!

EMMA. *(Enthusiastically)* Well—how much have we got saved up, huh?

MICKEY. If this is oil stock or Muscle Shoals, it's cold.

EMMA. No—better than that—how much—just offhand

MICKEY. Ten grand—maybe eleven.

EMMA. All right—*let's buy this hotel!*

MICKEY. That's a pretty good one—now I'll tell one. The next who come in was two dear little fairies——

EMMA. Now, Mickey, I mean it! Listen! Just look what you could do here with a couple of gallons of paint.

MICKEY. *(Helping her to chair* R.*)* Listen, Em, as soon as you've had something to eat you'll be all right.

EMMA. Mickey, I tell you, this is a Mint for the right people running it.

MICKEY. Yeah—*I'm all wrong!*

EMMA. You heard what that dining-room girl said about the railroad trade, didn't you? Well, we can grab a lot of trade that this poor old outfit never thought of. We could do wonders here.

MICKEY. *(Shaking his head)* You'll kill me, female!

EMMA. Listen, Mickey, I mean this! I come from near a town about this size, and I know all about them. Now, with what I know, and with what we both know about what a small town hotel needs—why, Mickey, we'd *panic* 'em!

MICKEY. *We'd lose our pants the first month.*

EMMA. Oh, behave—we'd *make* right from the jump. Look at the fun you could have. Look at the things you could do. You always wanted to tinker around. And look at the way you could get back at some of these small towners, too!

MICKEY. Say, you on the level with this?

EMMA. Yes, I am!

MICKEY. You'd buy this dump?

EMMA. I'd buy it and run it and make money, too.

MICKEY. But look here——

EMMA. Now, my mind's made up! Now, you go and ask them what they'll take for it.

MICKEY. Well, maybe they won't sell it.

EMMA. All right, then we've tried. Now, go on.

MICKEY. Maybe he'd ask more than we could pay for it.

EMMA. Maybe he will—but if he does, all right again. Go on now, Mickey.

MICKEY. Aw, Em, this is an awful thing to do. Besides, there's something wrong with the taxes or something—you heard.

EMMA. That's just one more reason why I want it. That tax stuff is all a lot of boloney, I'll bet my best hat on it. Mickey, *you want to eat and sleep tonight, don't you?*

MICKEY. Yeah——

EMMA. Well, go and do like I tell you and you will.

MICKEY. Yeah, but—— *(Gets a dirty look from her.)* Oh, all right—you'll see—you'll see! For a sandwich you'd buy a hotel! *(Crosses over to the* SWANZEYS*)* Say, Pop!

SWANZEY. Yes—oh—what? Oh, yes, what is it?

MICKEY. *(Look from* EMMA*)* Er—do you want to sell this hotel?

SWANZEY. *(Hardly believing his ears) What's that?*

MICKEY. *(Starting back to* EMMA*)* He don't want to sell it. (EMMA *waves him back.)* I say, do you want to sell this hotel? You know, *this hotel*—the hotel you are now seated in—do you want to sell it?

SWANZEY. Why—er—I don't know—— *(Gets a dig from* MRS. SWANZEY*)* Yes, I want to sell it. Why?

MICKEY. I saw you poke him then. Well, how much? Spot cash?

SWANZEY. Well, I don't know now.

MRS. SWANZEY. Do you want to buy it?

SWANZEY. Honest?

MICKEY. That's the only way I'd ever buy it—honest. Come on, now—how much? Spot cash!

SWANZEY. Well, let's see, now—— (MRS. SWANZEY *whispers in his ear. He says quickly) Six thousand dollars!*

EMMA. Sold!

MRS. SWANZEY *and* SWANZEY. *Sold!*

MICKEY. *Sold?* Oh, gee, that was quick!

SWANZEY. *(Rises)* Maybe you don't know, but there's a tax lien on it for twelve hundred and some interest. What about that?

EMMA. All right.

MICKEY. Oh, that's all right—we'll just deduct it from the whole amount. *Sold?*

SWANZEY. *(Gulping) Sold*—and thank you. *(Offers his hand.* MICKEY *turns and looks at* EMMA.*)*

EMMA. Deed!

MICKEY. *(To* SWANZEY*)* The deed.

SWANZEY. I got the deed here—and maybe Newt Eddy, the lawyer, is still in the barber shop. I'll see—if he is I'll have him out. *(He goes up to the barber shop door,* MICKEY *following him)* Oh, John, is Newt here? Oh, Newt, come here—— (SWANZEY *goes into the barber shop.* MICKEY *stops in the doorway.* MRS. SWANZEY *goes over to* EMMA. *They are both smiling.)*

MRS. SWANZEY. You know, dearie, I just sensed that it was you that wanted to buy.

EMMA. Did you? Well, you're the original of all the sweeties.

MRS. SWANZEY. We do seem to understand each other better than the men folks, don't we!

EMMA. Any time we don't, we're asleep or dead.

MRS. SWANZEY. Oh, I'm just as relieved as I

can be—thanks to you and your dear husband. He seems like a right nice boy, doesn't he?

EMMA. Fair enough, if you like 'em thin like that. *(They laugh.)*

(SWANZEY *comes in from the barber shop, followed by* NEWT, *who is annoyed at being interrupted while being shaved. He has on the barber's cloth and a towel around his neck, his face covered with lather.)*

NEWT. Now, what is it, Swanzey? Can't you see what I'm doing?

SWANZEY. Here you are, Newt. These are the people who have just bought this hotel. And I want you to witness the deed for us and tend to that, will you? *(Goes to back of desk.)*

NEWT. Yep.

MICKEY. *(At* L. *end of desk, eyeing* NEWT*)* Say, what about this here tax lien?

NEWT. Well, there's a lien on this hotel for—how much is it, Swanzey?

MICKEY. I know how much it is. It's all a lot of applesauce, ain't it?

NEWT. I don't know what you mean.

EMMA. *(Crossing to* L.C.*)* Just a minute, Mr.—er—I don't think I got your name.

NEWT. *(Coming forward to her.* MICKEY *drops down to* EMMA'S R.*)* Newton D. Eddy, ma'am. *(He is embarrassed on account of his appearance with the lather on his face and the towel around his neck.)*

EMMA. *(Turning to* MICKEY*)* Screw, bum! (MICKEY *goes up to desk, and* SWANZEY *gets out deed and shows it to* MICKEY, *who takes out a check-book and writes check.)* Well, Mr. Eddy, it's this way. We have just bought this hotel and we want you to be our lawyer. You have the time, I hope?

NEWT. *(Flattered)* Why, yes, ma'am, I'd be glad to.

EMMA. That's fine. *(Looks at the others and then whispers to* NEWT*)* Now, isn't there some way out of this tax lien tangle?

NEWT. Well, now—that's a matter——

EMMA. *(Interrupting)* Just a minute—you lawyers are always so business-like. *(She digs in her bag and takes out a fifty-dollar bill)* What is it they call the first payment?

NEWT. A retainer?

EMMA. Yes, that's it—a retainer. I hope that's enough? *(Hands him the fifty-dollar bill.)*

NEWT. *(Aghast)* Why, yes, ma'am, that's plenty! Now what was it you wanted to know? *(Puts the bill in his pocket.)*

EMMA. Well, that old man that was here just now—the boy's father——

NEWT. Mr. Bradford?

EMMA. Yes, Mr. Bradford—what he said about that tax lien was wrong, wasn't it?

NEWT. *(Looks about, lowers his voice to her)* It was *all* wrong. He can't get but about eighty dollars and bank interest for one, and about a hundred and bank interest for the other, and that's all you legally have to pay. Now, don't say I told you, will you?

EMMA. Not for the world, old kid. Now you'd better run along and get the rest of your face trimmed. *(She graciously holds out her hand.)*

NEWT. *(Taking it)* That's all right, Mrs.——?

EMMA. Shannon. Mrs. James Aloysius Shannon.

NEWT. *(Gallantly)* Pleased to meet you, Mrs. Shannon—and remember I'm always at your service.

EMMA. Oh, I won't forget that, Mr. Eddy. *(Crosses to* R.*)*

SWANZEY. *(Holding up pen)* Here you are, Newt.

NEWT. *(Going up to barber shop door)* Don't bother with that tonight. Just give and receive the price and we'll tend to the little details such as recording, etc., in the morning. Well, good night, Mis' Shannon. I hope you like it here. *(He exits into barber shop.)*

MICKEY. All right, Pop, there it is. A check on the Chemical National Bank of New York for five thousand, and we'll settle the rest in the morning. Shake. *(They do so.* EMMA *has been laying her things out and now turns and looks at the men at the desk.)*

SHORTY. *(Entering from washroom)* Mis' Swanzey, do I have to go 'way out in the snow——

EMMA. *You do not! (To* SWANZEY*)* Is that business settled yet?

SWANZEY. You're the owners.

EMMA. *Good! (She goes to the wall and tears calendar down and rips it up)* Now, that's that!

MRS. SWANZEY. I always hated them things, and they send one every year.

SHORTY. Mis' Swanzey, does I have to go 'way out——

EMMA. Come here, you. What's your name?

SHORTY. Shorty, ma'am.

EMMA. Well, Shorty, I'm your new boss.

SHORTY. What?

EMMA. And when I'm not here, there's your other boss.

SHORTY. Well, for the Lord's sake! Well, say, Mis', do I have to go——

EMMA. You go in there and get that dining-room girl out.

SHORTY. *(Elated)* Yes, ma'am! *(He goes to the dining-room door and calls)* Mis' Minervy! Mis' Minervy!

MINERVA. *(From inside)* I'm busy! *(Coming to door)* Well, what is it? *(Sees* EMMA*)* *Oh! (Starts back into dining room.)*

SWANZEY. Jest a minute, Minerva. We just sold the hotel to Mrs. and Mr. Shannon here, and——

MINERVA. What you say?

EMMA. Did I stop your hearing when I slapped you just now? We own this hotel.

MINERVA. *What?*

EMMA. And don't bark "what!" at me like that! Open those doors.

MINERVA. Do what?

EMMA. You heard me—*open those doors—both of them—wide! (Gets dog out of box.* MINERVA, *in a daze, opens the doors.)* Shorty, lead the way! *(He does so, grinning, picking up her coat from chair* R.*)* Come, James! *(She sweeps into the dining room, leading the dog on a leash, preceded by* SHORTY, *and followed by* MICKEY, *as* MINERVA *stands in the doorway in a daze.)*

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE: *The set is the same as Act I, except that it has been cleaned up considerably. The woodwork has been repainted. There is a new linoleum down. Several plants have been placed about the stage. The old calendars and ads have been replaced with a few good pictures, etc. There is a new cigar case, etc. Scrim curtains are on windows and glass doors. The sign "Washroom" has been replaced by one reading "Lavatory."*

AT RISE: SHORTY *is discovered mopping up floor.* MICKEY *is behind desk, figuring.*

ANNIE *enters from the dining room.*

ANNIE. Mr. Shannon.

MICKEY. Hello, Annie.

ANNIE. Minerva wants me to buy six yards of mosquito netting for the pie table.

MICKEY. How much a yard?

ANNIE. I don't know.

MICKEY. Here's a buck. (ANNIE *takes it and starts* L.) Oh, Annie, can you do any of the steps I showed you? *(She dances.)* That's enough—fine! Did you teach them to Oscar?

ANNIE. I tried to.

MICKEY. Can he do them?

ANNIE. A little bit. *(She starts out again.)*

THE SHANNONS OF BROADWAY

ACT II and III

MICKEY. Oh, Annie, don't stop at the station to see the trains come in.

ANNIE. Oh, no, sir. *(Exits* L.*)*

SHORTY. Sure do git dirty. This floor sure gets tromped up awful bad. What with them railroad men come trackin' in dirt 'n what-not.

MICKEY. Who's got to mop it?

SHORTY. *I* have.

MICKEY. What didja hire out for?

SHORTY. That's true. Yes, sir, I hired out to do jest that, but——

MICKEY. Well, whaddya you expect me to do—mop it up for you?

SHORTY. No, *sir,* Mr. Shannon, I don't expect that—but these yere railroad fellers could jest as easy come in the side door. Anyways, they eat a lot, an' they ain't so many of 'em, an' Mis' Shannon she says to me—she says, "Shorty, cleanliness is next to godliness, and you keeps this place clean, an'——"

MICKEY. Hey! How can I get this figured out with you ramblin' on that way?

SHORTY. Yes, *sir*—Mr. Shannon—yes, *sir!* (MINERVA *enters from dining room* R. *with box of toothpicks, with which she fills small glass on hatrack.)* But these yere railroad men co' come in the side door jes' as easy an' the office wouldn't——

MINERVA. Well, they won't! They'll come through *this* way like they always done.

MICKEY. Yeah?

MINERVA. That's what I said.

MICKEY. Well, suppose I gave orders to send 'em in the other way—what then?

MINERVA. Huh!

MICKEY. Would they *still* come in *this* way?

MINERVA. They certainly *would.*

MICKEY. Oh, they would, huh?

MINERVA. You ain't deef, *Mr.* Shannon.

MICKEY. You ain't either, are you, Min?

MINERVA. I guess I ain't, and I guess——

MICKEY. Quit your guessin'—*know!* *(Calls)* Emma!

MINERVA. Now, see here, Mr. Shannon——

MICKEY. *(Paying no attention)* Emma!

EMMA. *(From upstairs)* What?

MINERVA. Now, there's no call for you to, Mr. Shannon——

EMMA. What do you want?

MICKEY. *(Looking at* MINERVA*)* C'm'ere!

MINERVA. *(Glaring and starting for dining room)* Oh, all right—let the dirty——

MICKEY. A'—a'—a'—eh!

MINERVA. Things—come in any ways they want.

MICKEY. That's papa's brave little girl. Now, ewscray!

MINERVA. What?

MICKEY. Back to your plate-juggling. *(As* MINERVA *flounces off)* And if you break one dish I'll cancel you like Gus Sun. *(Door slams—then to* SHORTY*)* For a quiet guy, you can stir up more battles than Tex Rickard.

SHORTY. 'Fore Gawd, Mr. Shannon, I never meant—I was jes' talkin' to——

MICKEY. To keep your face occupied. Well, after this, chew gum or something. Now, *think*—don't talk.

(SHORTY *goes into barber shop with pail and mop.* EDDIE ALLEN *comes downstairs.* MICKEY *pays no attention to him. The man*—EDDIE ALLEN, *of "Allen and Allen"—looks at* MICKEY, *hesitates once or twice, then approaches the desk and gets to* L. *of* MICKEY *before he speaks.)*

EDDIE. Mr.—er——

MICKEY. Shannon.

EDDIE. Yes—Shannon. Well, it's this way with me, Mr. Shannon. You see—— *(Looks up and finds* MICKEY *staring at him.)*

MICKEY. How *is* it with you?

EDDIE. Well, you see—this getting a vaudeville act like mine booked is—well—it's——

MICKEY. Yeah?

EDDIE. Yeah. I got a great act, too. Singin' and talkin'. Very classy. *Very* classy, if I do say so myself. It's the berries, this act of mine, but, you see, the agents have got a lot o' pets, see—and they get the cream of the time, see? Well, now—you see—

MICKEY. You ain't tryin' to sell me this act, are you?

EDDIE. *No! Nothin'* like that. *No!* Well, not exactly—but you see——

MICKEY. Say, I gotta lot o' bills to get out, see. Now, what's the squawk?

EDDIE. Didn' you uster be in vaudeville once?

MICKEY. Plenty!

EDDIE. Well, then, maybe you'll get me—and gimme a break somewhere.

MICKEY. *I* should give anybody a break. Well, what's the fiction?

EDDIE. Well, you see——

MICKEY. No introduction—no vamp—no verse—get right down to the chorus.

EDDIE. I and the wife was cancelled cold last night—jest after we laid out every last jitney for new wardrobe 'n' all——

MICKEY. Where was you cancelled—here?

EDDIE. No—Clarkesville—trolley ride. We was pencilled in *here* for the last half. The wife's got a bum bellows, see, so I just laid the last smacker for a bottle of Father Johns—she gotta cold over in Waterbury last week, see—and she's got two numbers in the act with hoofin' in both o' them, so I was afraid the old bellows'd go bad on us, see? An'

Harry Hoffman was to come over from Boston to take a peek at the act, and he never showed. And I put in some new stuff, an' I guess they was lookin' to air us, anyways, and after the manager over there gave us these and those, I take a smack at him after we'd had a word or two—so he leaves me out o' the sugar, and here we are, a hell of a ways from Forty-sixth Street.

MICKEY. Say, what do youse guys think I'm doin'—runnin' a actor's home here or somethin'? I'm in this business to make jack. How can I make it with a lot o' vodville hams comin' in here puttin' the bee on me for all your livin' and all? Maybe you'd like me to stake you to a pack o' Luckies? Maybe you'd like me to send around to the drug store and get some more Father Johns for you! Or maybe you'd like a new pack o' Lux so's your old lady can use up my *eleck*tricity doing all your laundry?

EDDIE. Well, I was only just thinkin' us both bein' in the biz——

MICKEY. Listen, feller—me and Em we gotta *act* what I mean. And only fer a little argument with the U.B.O. we'd be right in the Palace Theatre right now, see?

EDDIE. Gee—yeah?

MICKEY. Yeah! Me and Em ain't done one show o' small time since before the war—and the *same* act.

EDDIE. Well, o' course, I wasn't tryin' to compare our act with your'n—o' course.

MICKEY. What sort of act do you do?

EDDIE. Singing and talking, and I do "various dialects." You know, Irish, Swede, Scotch—all in costume—they're in the trunk over there—and I make six changes and I close in with a imitation of either Al Jolson or Eddie Cantor. Gee, I wish you could catch the wife do a imitation of Sophie

Tucker. 'Course, she don't look like her, but the way that gal sells that number! Boy! And her wardrobe—made every stitch herself. Gee, it's a crime we ain't got the chance to show it to the Pantages people——

MICKEY. Whadda you do if I cop your baggage for your bill—yes, or even hold you or your wife fer it?

EDDIE. I guess—I guess it's anything I can get to do. You see, she's on'y a kid—I took her out of a chorus—and I gotta give her the best o' the breaks, good or bad. You see, she's a dame, an' I'm a feller.

MICKEY. I'll tell you what I'll do with you. What's your name?

EDDIE. *(Eagerly)* Ed—Eddie Allen—here's my card—"Allen & Allen."

MICKEY. Oh, yeah—"Allen & Allen." Well, I'll give you this break. Me and Em will take a peek at part of your act—and if we think it's good we'll let you out o' here with a touch of ten bucks or so to get you back to town—and if it's bum, you stay here and work it out.

EDDIE. You're on. Oh, say, Mr. Shannon—you're the whitest guy I've——

MICKEY. Save it—save it! You mightn't be so good, and I could put you to washin' dishes.

EDDIE. Oh, we're *good!*

MICKEY. Yeah? *(Calls)* Oh, Emma!

EDDIE. *(Starting to stairs)* I'll duck up and get the wife.

MICKEY. Oh, Emma!

EDDIE. Oh, when do we start and where?

MICKEY. Right here and right now.

EDDIE. Yeah? So soon?

MICKEY. You wanna get it over with right away, don't you?

EDDIE. Sure——

MICKEY. All right, hurry up and get Sophie.

EDDIE. Yeah—— *(Stops on stairs)* Her name ain't Sophie.

MICKEY. No?

EDDIE. No—it's Alice. You see, I told you she could do a wonderful imitation of Sophie Tucker—that's where you got all mixed up.

MICKEY. Oh, yeah—I see.

EMMA. *(At head of stairs)* Well, what do you want?

MICKEY. Come on down here. Oh, and meet Eddie Allen of "Allen & Allen."

EMMA. How are you? What's he selling?

MICKEY. A vodevill act.

EMMA. We got plenty. *(Starts back upstairs.)*

MICKEY. Come here, willya! Go ahead, Eddie. Duck up and get Alice, that's a good boy. (EDDIE *goes upstairs.)*

EMMA. *(Coming down)* Alice?

MICKEY. Listen, here's a coupla kids that've got a bum act and they can't pay their bill.

EMMA. Give 'em the air and keep the trunks. *(Starts upstairs again.)*

MICKEY. Come here, will ya! I told him we'd look at part of his act and if we think it's good we'll lend 'em the dough to get out o' town with, and if it's bum he can work it out.

EMMA. Doing what?

MICKEY. Night clerk—anything.

EMMA. What does she do?

MICKEY. She? Oh, she just sits—I guess.

EMMA. Sits and eats—and in a year they're into us for more than the whole dump's worth.

MICKEY. Maybe they'll be good and we can get our dough back.

EMMA. You think they'll send it after they get away? Behave!

MICKEY. All right, Hannah. Don't ever soften,

Hannah! Always gimme an argument! *(Comes from behind desk.)*

(Enter EDDIE *down the stairs with* ALICE. *She is shy and is evidently sick.)*

EDDIE. Here we are, Mr. Shannon. This is Alice. This is Mr. Shannon—he owns the hotel, honey. And this is his wife. This is *my* wife.

ALICE. Pleased to meetcha, I'm sure.

MICKEY. Hello, Alice.

EMMA. Alice?

EDDIE. Yeah. Mr. Shannon called her Sophie a while ago. You see, I'd told him she could do a wonderful imitation of Sophie Tucker, and he thought her *name* was Sophie.

EMMA. Oh, I see.

EDDIE. I wish you could see this gal hoof, folks.

ALICE. Oh, Eddie—please.

MICKEY. *(Gets chairs at* L.*)* I'll bet she can, at that.

EDDIE. Well, what do you think we'd better do, Mr. Shannon?

MICKEY. You know your act—do the best of it—not all—just *some* of it.

EDDIE. Well, I'll see.

(He and ALICE *talk aside in pantomime, and he gets the trunk* L. *of bench open and the costumes arranged for his act.* MICKEY *and* EMMA *have chairs down* C., *facing* R. *Enter* VANCE *from street* L.*)*

EMMA. Hello, Vance.

VANCE. Hello.

MICKEY. Hello, Vance. want something?

VANCE. No—just dropped in for a bite o' dinner when it's ready. Say, I'd like to have a chat with you, Mickey, when you're free.

MICKEY. Sure—grab a chair and sit down. We're takin' a peek at a vodevill act.

VANCE. *(Getting a chair up* L. *and placing it to* L. *of them)* Don't let me interrupt. How do you feel, Mrs. Shannon?

EMMA. I'll feel better when the news reel comes on.

EDDIE. Will we go ahead, Mr. Shannon?

EMMA. Go ahead—be comical.

EDDIE. 'Course, folks, without an orchestra it's kinda tough on us—but you know how that is, though.

EMMA. You'd be surprised how it is for *me.*

MICKEY. You're a great help, Hannah.

EMMA. All right, fall guy!

EDDIE. Will I go ahead, Mr. Shannon?

MICKEY. Yeah, go ahead, Eddie—and don't worry none about your orchestra—Mrs. Shannon can moan you any dead march you ever heard.

EMMA. Not bad, wisecracker, not bad!

MICKEY. All right.

EMMA. Ready, Vance?

VANCE. Let 'er rip.

EMMA. Lock the door and let's go.

EDDIE. *(Nervously)* Well, it goes something like this. The orchestra plays us our introduction, see—and we come on in the second introduction, see——

EMMA. Brand new opening—great.

EDDIE. Then we go into our opening number, which is a patter number with a little dance at the finish, see?

EMMA. No.

EDDIE. What?

EMMA. I don't see—what dance?

EDDIE. Well, the end goes something like this—*(Hums a tune and does a few plain steps and a break)* See? Then we go into our dialogue. *(Mopping his brow)* Gee, it's hot in here, ain't it?

EMMA. Is that the dialogue?

EDDIE. Oh, no! I was just saying it's hot in here. Then I say to her—Come on, honey—come on. It's just like a tryout. She's a little shy, Mr. Shannon—then I say to her, looking out over the house—"My, there's certainly a lot o' folks out tonight!" *(Turns to* ALICE*)* Go ahead, honey.

ALICE. *(In a weak voice)* "Yes, there certainly are."

EMMA. *That's* snappy!

EDDIE. "I guess it's the moon that bring folks out at night!"—then they cut the foots—throw a spot—and the babe does the Moon Maid number in this—*(Handing a gown from the trunk to* ALICE*)*—while I change to the Scotch. *(He gets the Scotch kilt and starts fastening it to his vest by hooks)* Oh, she's got a cold—you don't want her to do that number, do you?

EMMA. No!

EDDIE. Oh, all right. After that number I come on in the Harry Lauder make-up and do one short number of his like—— *(He has also put on a Tam and carries a crooked cane. Singing)* "She's my daisy—ta-ta—ta-ta—ta-ta—tum!" See? And a little of his monologue. Will I do some of that for you?

EMMA. Not for me.

MICKEY. Leave it pass.

EDDIE. Oh, all right. Then after the Scotch the babe comes back and does a little dance—you know, the one that what's-her-name done in the Music Box—Florence O'Denishawn—then I do my Swede—and——

(BERT *enters from* L.)

BERT. Hello, folks, what's going on?

VANCE. Hello, Bert.

MICKEY. Takin' a peek at a vodevill act—sit down.

VANCE. Set, Bert—it's good! (EMMA *just turns and looks at him.)*

EDDIE. Will I go ahead, Mr. Shannon?

MICKEY. Yeah—go ahead, Eddie.

EDDIE. Well, after my Swede, the babe comes back and does Sophie Tucker. Go ahead, honey—go ahead—just the chorus—they won't hurt you.

ALICE. Oh, Eddie—I can't.

EMMA. Pass the Sophie Tucker.

MICKEY. I wanted to hear *that.*

EMMA. Nix—Sophie's out. Go on.

EDDIE. Oh, all right. Well, there's really not much we *can* do, you see. Then I do my Irish and a quick change to Al Jolson or Eddie Cantor—then we do the finish together and a hoofing exit. Of course you gotta see us with the costumes on and with a orchestra and everything to get us right. *(He looks at them and sees that he is talking against time and uselessly.)* I wish you could see the babe here when she's feelin' right, too. Gee, she's—she's —I guess that's about all we can do—— *(To her, aside)* Don't cry, babe—we ain't got to do the act now. *(To* MICKEY*)* Well—what do you think, Mr. Shannon? Don't you think, with everything set, it's a good act? Huh?

(MICKEY *and* EMMA *look at each other, then* MICKEY *turns to* EDDIE.*)*

MICKEY. Eddie, it's lousey.

EDDIE. Yeah?

MICKEY. It's *terrible*—just *terrible!* (ALICE *turns away* R., *crying.)* There's a million of 'em all the same.

EDDIE. Yeah. I sort of thought so, too. Well—

MICKEY. Listen, Eddie—you stay here and be night clerk for us.

EMMA. *(Rises and crosses to* ALICE R.*)* You think I'm a pretty tough egg, don't you, babe?

ALICE. *(Through her tears)* Why, no, Mrs. Shannon, I think it was fine of you to even *look* at the act at all.

EMMA. Well, you and your boy friend have got no more business chasing around the country with an act like that—but somehow you make me think of Mickey and me when we first started in. Oh, boy, there was an act. Can you sew?

ALICE. Sure—I made all my own clothes for the act.

EMMA. I don't mean that kind of sewing—we don't care for spangles on our sheets. *(Takes costume from her and gives it to* EDDIE, *who puts it back in the trunk.)* Now, you stay here—you won't get much, but you'll have your room and board—and Eddie here can be the night watchman.

ALICE. No—night clerk.

EMMA. Excuse me—night clerk. And you can look out for the linen. We've got an old act that has never been played over the small time, and I imagine that——

ALICE. Oh, Mrs. Shannon, you're so—— *(Cries.)*

EMMA. Now, you go upstairs and have a good cry. Eddie.

EDDIE. *(A little dazed)* Yes, ma'am.

EMMA. You take Alice upstairs and the two of you have a real good cry together. (EDDIE *puts his arm around her and he and* ALICE *exit upstairs.)*

MICKEY. What did you do—adopt them?

EMMA. Not while I haven't anything better than *you* to offer 'em for a *father*. Minerva! Why aren't the dining-room doors open—it's eleven forty-five?

MINERVA. *(Opening dining room door)* Well, I——

EMMA. Put that alibi with the others and you'll always have some. Come on, Vance—come on, Bert—come on in to dinner. *(Exits into dining room.)*

BERT. I'm a-coming. *(Exits.* MINERVA *is expecting a smile from* BERT, *but he passes her by unnoticed. She is disappointed and follows him off.)*

VANCE. *(Still sitting)* I want to talk to Mickey.

MICKEY. *(Still sitting* C.*)* What's on your mind, kid?

VANCE. Had any special trouble with our friend Bradford?

MICKEY. No—why?

VANCE. Things is coming to a head pretty soon, and I was wonderin' if he'd started anything.

MICKEY. What's coming to a head?

VANCE. Well, look here—you been pretty decent since you been here—and you sure treated Swanzey white, so——

MICKEY. Yeah?

VANCE. Heard any rumors about a new hotel?

MICKEY. Oh, some—it's too far off to bother much about.

VANCE. Ever figger *where* they're likely to locate?

MICKEY. No, not exactly.

VANCE. Heard anything about a new railroad yards—shops—and making this a junction point for the branch?

MICKEY. *(Interested)* No.

VANCE. Oh! *(Looking around and lowering his voice)* Heard anything about a Government aviation landing field?

MICKEY. What? Where?

VANCE. Here.

MICKEY. Here?

VANCE. Yep—right here near this town. Know what that'd mean?

MICKEY. Do I! New shops—new yards—aviation landing field! Say—*that's big!*

VANCE. Biggest thing that's ever happened to this part o' the country.

MICKEY. And so *that's* why Bradford——

VANCE. That's why. He's gotten a-holt o' most of the lots in town and he's trying to keep it quiet so's he won't have to put up any more money. He's got a lot of town property now, see, but not much land on the outside—and *there's* where the big money's goin' to be made.

MICKEY. Gee whiz!

VANCE. That's why he's tried to get a-holt o' old man Swanzey's holdin's—both this hotel and the out o' town pieces.

MICKEY. Well, the old fox.

VANCE. He's about got Tessie Sutton's land off'n her. He tried for some pieces I own, but I've got 'em in my wife's maiden name—and he don't know that—and he's a-lookin' for the owner.

MICKEY. What's your idea o' leavin' us in on this?

VANCE. It does look suspicious, but I got a good reason. You see, every last man in this town is afraid to risk a nickel in land. The banks won't lend ten cents on the dollar, and they're all scared stiff o' Bradford. Now, you ain't. And you kin fight, and I think you got a little bit tucked by for a rainy day.

MICKEY. Where do *you* head in?

VANCE. Me?—I'm just supposed to be the dumb, innocent bystander. I get the news, you and I make the cartridges between us—and then you fire them.

*(*ANNIE *enters from* L. *with bundle. She is accompanied by* OSCAR. *They cross to* R. ANNIE *stops and hands* MICKEY *the change and then starts to dining room.)*

MICKEY. Thanks, Annie. What's that you got with you? Oh, I see. (OSCAR *turns and looks at* MICKEY, *throws his hat in the rack and goes out disgusted, followed by* ANNIE.) Oh, Annie! (ANNIE *comes to the door.)* Ask Mrs. Shannon to come in here, will you?

ANNIE. Yes, sir. *(Exits into dining room.)*

VANCE. What are you going to do?

MICKEY. Listen—Emma knows more'n all this town put together. Say, what's your idea of a start?

VANCE. Well, I dunno—I thought we might wait'n see what Bradford does first.

MICKEY. That sounds all right.

EMMA. *(Entering* R.*) Now* what?

MICKEY. Come here a minute. Vance's got a scheme up his sleeve. Tell her. (NEWT EDDY *enters* L.*)* No, don't!

NEWT. Howdy, everybody. Howdy do, Mis' Shannon!

EMMA. Why, howdy do, Mr. Eddy. What can I do for you, Mr. Eddy?

NEWT. *(Crossing to front of desk as* EMMA *goes behind it)* Just one o' your good five-cent cigars, that's all. *(Picks one from the box* EMMA *hands him)* Thanks. *(Sees* VANCE *eyeing him as he takes his chair up* L.*, turns and sees* MICKEY *eyeing him suspiciously)* Anything wrong?

MICKEY. Oh, nothin' much.

NEWT. Oh, 'scuse me. Good-bye—see you later, then—'scuse me, Mis' Shannon. *(Crosses to rack, where he leaves his hat, turns and looks back at them as he goes into the dining room.)*

EMMA. Well, what do you want?

MICKEY. Huh! Go ahead, Vance—spill it.

VANCE. Well, here's the short of it. There's goin' to be a new hotel built——

EMMA. Here? Mickey!

THE SHANNONS OF BROADWAY

ACT II—*Page 61*

MICKEY. Wait—wait!

VANCE. The railroad's goin' to put in new yards and big shops as a junction point, and the Government is going to have a aviation landing field somewhere near. Now, there's only *one* location for the hotel, and that's this one where we're standin'. That's why Bradford is trying to get a-holt of all the land and property.

MICKEY. Vance wants us and him should go in on it!

EMMA. Where did you get your information, Vance?

VANCE. Fair enough. Well, my brother's State Senator from Clarkesville district—and he talks considerable to his wife—and she blabs to mine, and there you are.

EMMA. That's fair enough. Now, what's your plan?

VANCE. Well, to get ahead of Bradford mostly. I thought we'd best wait and watch him.

EMMA. Where does he get his information?

VANCE. Oh, he helps elect about every office they is in town.

EMMA. Where are these improvements going in?

VANCE. On the north side of the river.

(A guest enters down stairs.)

MICKEY. Nix. *(Warning them not to speak before him.* EMMA *and* VANCE *turn to the map on wall in pantomime.* GUEST *eyes them.* MICKEY *to him)* Well?

GUEST. How about a little breakfast?

MICKEY. Dinner.

GUEST. At noon?

MICKEY. There it is if you want it.

GUEST. What a humpty-dumpty joint this is. I

suppose I'll eat roast pork, mashed potatoes and apple pie for breakfast. *(Mumbling to himself as he goes into dining room.)*

MICKEY. *(Calling after him)* You're probably used to a bowl of chile, you ham! *(Turns to* VANCE*)* Did you tell her?

VANCE. Yeah.

EMMA. *(Thinking)* Say, Mickey—what's to prevent our—— *(She stops.)*

VANCE *and* MICKEY. What?

EMMA. Oh, nothing. So you think we ought to wait and see what Bradford is up to before we do anything, huh?

MICKEY. Sure, that's the thing to do. Go slow. Vance has got the right idea.

EMMA. All right. You two go in and get your dinner. I'll stay out here and think about it.

VANCE. All right. I'll shake you for the dinners, Mickey.

MICKEY. Nix—the dinner is on me. *(*VANCE *crosses to dining room door.)* Did you get your dinner et, Em?

EMMA. Most of it. Tell Minerva to bring me out some bread pudding and a cup of coffee.

MICKEY. K.O.—bread pudding and coffee. Come on, Vance—do you know what I think—— *(They go into the dining room.* SHORTY *enters from the washroom and begins placing chairs back in place, dragging them over the floor, muttering to himself.* EMMA *stands behind desk thinking and looking at map where* VANCE *has indicated.)*

SHORTY. Just look at those chairs sitting in the middle of the floor. It's a wonder people wouldn't put things back where they found 'em. *(Dragging the two chairs to* L. *in front of windows.)*

EMMA. Hey, quit banging those chairs about—they've just been painted.

*(*MINERVA *enters from* R. *with tray, bread pudding, coffee, etc.)*

SHORTY. Don't I know it—who painted 'em? I got paint in my hair—paint on my clothes—and lumbago in my back.

EMMA. Quit muttering to yourself and get out.

SHORTY. I'm out! *(Exits into barber shop.* MINERVA *places the tray on the desk and starts back to the dining room. She is crying.)*

EMMA. *(Notices* MINERVA *and stopping her)* Wait a minute—what's the matter with you? *(*MINERVA *stops, still sobbing.)* Now, what are you crying about? *(*MINERVA *puts her hands to her face.)* Some man? *(*MINERVA *nods.)* Oh—Bert? What did he do?

MINERVA. He—he—he didn't speak to me.

EMMA. Terrible!

MINERVA. I brought him his dinner and three helpin's of loganberry pie—and he didn't speak to me once.

EMMA. Seems to me you're pretty free with our loganberry pie.

MINERVA. Mrs. Shannon, I want to go.

EMMA. Go where?

MINERVA. I want to leave.

EMMA. Leave the hotel? *(*MINERVA *nods.)* Quit your job? *(*MINERVA *nods.)* Now? *(*MINERVA *nods.)* Well, I never heard of such a thing in all my life. *(Thinks)* Go right ahead. It doesn't make a particle of difference to me. Take off your lace apron and turn it over to somebody else. It's the first time I ever heard of a head of a department quitting in the middle of a meal, though. Give it to that little Annie Todd—she's a cute little trick and very popular with the railroad trade, too.

MINERVA. *(Changing)* She is not! She drops

silver—and she's broke four glasses in two days, and she can't fill one salt cellar without——

EMMA. Get the hell back there and tend to your job!

MINERVA. Oh, go chase yourself, you slave driver—I guess I can run my dining room without your help. *(She goes into the dining room with her head in the air.)*

EMMA. *(Laughing)* I never knew they cried when they came that big. *(Goes to back of desk again.)*

MINERVA. *(Off* R.*)* Get out of my way!

*(*BERT *enters as though he had been pushed out of the dining room.)*

BERT. Oh, all right—all right! *(Looks back in dining room, takes hat and toothpick and then comes to desk with meal ticket and gives it to* EMMA*)* There's only a few more punches left in this ticket, so you best give me a new one while I got the money to pay for it—they'll maybe clean me out in the barber shop—in that seven up game. *(*EMMA *punches the ticket and returns it to him, but pays no attention to him after she has punched the ticket.)* Say—I says I want a new ticket.

EMMA. Are you speaking to me?

BERT. Certainly. I want a new ticket.

EMMA. Well, you put your money back in your pocket and never speak to me again, you understand?

BERT. Say, you ain't kiddin' me, are you?

EMMA. The only way I'd ever kid you would be with a baseball bat.

BERT. Well, what did I do?

EMMA. I don't know what you did, but whatever it was I'll bet it was dirty and mean. Now, get out.

BERT. Say, are you tryin' to throw me out o' here?

EMMA. Git—before I call the marshal and have him throw you out.

BERT. Well, what did I do?

EMMA. *(Turns to phone, rings)* Hello—give me the city marshal.

BERT. Oh, I'm going—but you might tell a feller—— *(As she starts to speak)* Oh, all right—I'm a-going! *(He goes into the barber shop.* HEZ *enters* L. *in time to see him exit.* EMMA *hangs up phone, grumbling to herself.)*

HEZ. What's the trouble, Mis' Shannon—something wrong?

EMMA. Oh, I just lost my temper, Hez.

HEZ. Oh, is that all? *(Crosses to* R.*)*

EMMA. Is that all? That's generally enough—and that thing you've got round your neck don't help any. *(She is referring to a bright red necktie he wears.* HEZ *dusts his shoes with his handkerchief, pats his hair down preparatory to going into the dining room.)* How are you, old boy?

HEZ. Fair to middlin'.

EMMA. *(Looks at him, gets an idea)* Say, Hez—that apple farm of yours—where is that?

HEZ. *(Crossing back to show her on the map)* About five miles out on the river's edge—on the north side.

EMMA. Oh, yes. Mr. Shannon and I were looking for a little place in the country—but I'm afraid that's too far out.

HEZ. *(Anxious to sell his farm)* Now, see here, Mis' Shannon, that farm of mine would just suit you—it's small and easy took care of—I'd sacrifice it cheap to you.

EMMA. Why to me?

HEZ. *(Trying to find a reason)* Well, now—I'll tell you——

EMMA. They don't buy your applejack so much as they used to, huh?

HEZ. No, 'tain't that——

EMMA. Bradford making it too hot for you?

HEZ. No—he ain't got nothing on me.

EMMA. Well, I might take an option on that property—not much, just a few dollars for a month or two—and then I'll talk it over with Mr. Shannon and——

HEZ. Now, Mis' Shannon, you won't regret buying that farm—I——

EMMA. *(Quickly)* How much do you want for it, Hez?

HEZ. Er—I——

EMMA. *(Gets bills out of drawer)* Come on, now—quick—how much?

HEZ. Two thousand.

EMMA. Oh, no—one thousand.

HEZ. Now, Mis' Shannon——

EMMA. One thousand dollars—fifty dollars down for a thirty-day option, and nine hundred and fifty dollars cash—what do you say?

HEZ. Mis' Shannon!

EMMA. *(Counting out the bills,* HEZ *eyeing them avariciously)* Ten—twenty—thirty—forty—fifty—*(Picks them up and starts putting them back)* Too late—I don't want it!

HEZ. *(Quickly)* Sold!

EMMA. *(Quickly handing him the bills)* Here you are—now make out a receipt. *(Opens a receipt book before him and hands him a pen)* Now, mind, Hez—not a word of this to Mr. Shannon, you understand.

HEZ. No, ma'am—thank you, Mis' Shannon. *(Starts across to dining room, counting the money.)*

EMMA. And dinner's on me today.

HEZ. That'll be fine, Mis' Shannon.

EMMA. Oh, Hez. *(He stops at door* R.*)* Tell that

eminent attorney, Mr. Newton D. Eddy, I want to see him, will you?

HEZ. I sure will, Mis' Shannon. *(Exits into dining room.* EMMA *scans the map again, makes a mark on it where* HEZ'S *farm is and makes a note on the pad in her hand.* NEWT *comes from the dining room in a hurry. He takes his hat from the rack and comes to* R.C.*)*

NEWT. Oh, Mis' Shannon, were you looking for me?

EMMA. *(Back of desk)* Oh, Mr. Eddy, I was doing just that. *(She moves to front of desk at* L. *end of it and beckons him. He moves over to front of desk)* Remember what you said about always being ready to do me a favor?

NEWT. Oh, Mis' Shannon, I'd never forget that. Try me, Mis' Shannon, *try me! (Comes nearer to her.)*

EMMA. I believe I will. Now, you've got a chance of doing me a good turn and make quite a bit of money for yourself.

NEWT. Oh, I don't care nothin' about the money, Mis' Shannon, but I just want the chance to do something for you.

EMMA. Oh, Mr. Eddy. Now, here's what I want you to do. I want you to get close to Bradford—find out what options he's getting on property—and you get those options for me.

NEWT. *(Aghast, crosses to left of her)* Oh, Mis' Shannon—I couldn't do that!

EMMA. Why not?

NEWT. He—he'd about kill me! Mis' Shannon, you place me——

EMMA. Now, I'm warning you, if you string with Bradford he'll place you in worse. Now, come on, Newt, be fair——

NEWT. I want to help you, Mis' Shannon——

EMMA. Aw, call me Emma.

NEWT. Well, Emma, I——

EMMA. Oh, Newton—— *(Turns away as though to blush.)*

NEWT. *(Surprised)* Oh, all right, but——

EMMA. No buts! This is it. *(She goes up to the map. He follows her part way.)* I want you to get options from the cemetery to the fork on the north side of the river. How much will it take—offhand? *(Goes to back of desk and gets checkbook.)*

NEWT. *(Going up to map and sizing it up)* Oh, five or six thousand——

EMMA. Oh, as much as that—for heaven's sake! *(With checkbook)* Well, I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll give you a check for three thousand now—and if you need more I'll increase it. How's that

NEWT. *(At L. end of desk, leaning over it)* Fine!

EMMA. *(Writing)* Here you are, Newt—payable to you—three thousand.

(MICKEY *enters from* R., *followed by* VANCE. *They get their hats and a toothpick from the tray and start to cross to* L.)

MICKEY. *(Coming to front of desk)* Three thousand what—berries?

EMMA. *(Quickly covering up the checkbook)* Yes.

MICKEY. For what?

EMMA. Loganberry pie.

MICKEY. Clowning again. Come on, Vance, I know where we can get some windows for the cottage pudding. (VANCE *laughs, and he and* MICKEY *go out* L.)

EMMA. *(Blotting the check)* Here you are, Newt—payable to you—three thousand.

NEWT. *(Taking the check)* Well—when do you think I'd better start on it?

EMMA. Now—this minute. And don't you worry

about Bradford—he'll never be able to harm a hair of your head.

NEWT. *(Indicating his bald head)* Well, I hope not. I'll do my best, Mis' Sha—Emma! You'll hear from me soon. *(Crosses to door* L.*)*

EMMA. Oh, Newton—— (NEWT *stops in the doorway.)* Aren't you forgetting something? (NEWT *stops, looks embarrassed, then crosses to her, about to kiss her.)* Your hat! *(Picks it up and holding it out to him.)*

NEWT. *(Stops short, taken aback)* Oh, yes—my hat—I almost forgot my hat, didn't I? *(Takes it.)* My hat. Good-bye, Emma—— *(Starts* L., *almost running into* TESSIE, *who comes in* L.*)* Excuse me, Tessie! Good-bye, Emma! *(Flustered, goes out* L. *quickly.)*

TESSIE. For heavens' sake, Emma, what in the world is the matter with Newt Eddy?

EMMA. *(Laughing)* You'd be surprised. You know, Tess, there are women who would marry that. How's your new job,—did you get it, Tessie?

TESSIE. Now, Emma, you know Mr. Bradford is one of the bank directors. I can't work there.

EMMA. Yes, I forgot about that. Looks like there ought to be some place he isn't in. Have you seen Chuck?

TESSIE. *(Crosses to* R. *of desk)* No, I haven't.

EMMA. That's too bad, Tess—he's all broken up. Why don't you square things up with him, Tess—he's a good kid, and he loves you.

TESSIE. I won't—and I don't want to see him.

EMMA. Aw, come on now, be your age! You shouldn't hold it against Chuck because he's got such a fish for a father.

TESSIE. Now, listen, Em——

(CHUCK *enters* L.*)*

CHUCK. Oh, I beg your pardon——

EMMA. Well, as I live and breathe, if it isn't the old bootleggers' delight! (TESSIE *and* CHUCK *look at each other and then turn away.)* Say—cut out this nonsense now and get together, can't you? *(They both turn and are about to speak, their eyes meet and they turn away from each other again.)* Oh, as bad as that, eh? What did she say to you, Chuck? *(They turn—same bus.)* She did? Oh, my! What did he do, Tess? *(They turn—same bus.)* You don't say so! Well, that's different.

CHUCK. If you don't mind, Mrs. Shannon, I'll go in and get my dinner.

EMMA. No, no—not at all. Go right in. You're always welcome here, Chuck—you know that.

CHUCK. *(Crosses towards the dining room)* Thanks.

EMMA. Not living at home these days?

CHUCK. *(Stops* R.C.*)* Why, yes—at night.

EMMA. How's your friend, Hez Davis?

CHUCK. I don't know. I haven't seen *Mr.* Davis for a month and I don't intend to. *(Exits into dining room.)*

EMMA. *(To* TESSIE*)* There—you see, Tessie—he's quit drinking.

TESSIE. It doesn't make any difference to me what he does.

EMMA. Tess, be yourself—you love that boy. (TESSIE *makes a movement.)* Of course you do! Doesn't it make any difference to you he's quit drinking?

TESSIE. No.

EMMA. It don't? Gee whiz, it would with me. Won't anything he could do make any difference? Not a thing? *(Suddenly struck with an idea—she looks at map)* Hey—suppose he out-smarted his father—what about that?

TESSIE. What do you mean, Emma?

EMMA. *(Getting checkbook and writing out check)* Just what I say. Suppose Chuck out-smarted his father—put over a good business deal and made a lot of money for himself at the same time, wouldn't that make any difference to you—would it—would it—would it?

TESSIE. *(Hesitates)* Well——

EMMA. There!—You see, I told you it would. All right—— *(Strikes the bell)* Eddie—Eddie—*(Comes from behind desk.* EDDIE *enters down stairs.)* Mind the desk for me a minute, will you?

EDDIE. Yes, Mrs. Shannon. *(Crosses to back of desk.* EMMA *starts for the dining room.)*

TESSIE. Emma, what are you going to do?

EMMA. I'm going to talk to Chuck.

TESSIE. Now, Emma, please—I don't want you to.

EMMA. Oh, big business, Babe—big business—don't interrupt me when I get going. *(Goes into the dining room.)*

TESSIE. *(Excitedly)* Emma, please—wait—don't—oh, Emma! *(Stamps her foot.* MICKEY *enters from* L. *in time to see her stamp her foot.)*

MICKEY. Oh, Tess—I'm surprised at you. Never with the heel—don't stamp the heel—the ball of the foot. This way. Look. *(Does break step. As he does so,* TESSIE *crosses to door* L., *turns and looks at him angrily and stamps her foot twice, completing the break step* MICKEY *has been doing, and flounces out the door.)* Right—that's better. *(To* EDDIE*)* It wouldn't take much to make a hoofer out of that gal.

EDDIE. I guess you could teach anybody to dance, couldn't you, Mr. Shannon?

MICKEY. Believe me, Eddie, I've given enough lessons around this town—I've got 'em all hoofin'.

EDDIE. Mr. Shannon, do you think you could fix up my act any?

MICKEY. Fix up your act, Eddie? You mean that ship's concert you showed us a while ago? Look, Eddie, all you need to fix up that act is a good opening, four or five good gags, about ten minutes of snappy dialogue and a good finish—you don't need another thing. Oh, Eddie, that opening of yours, "There's certainly a lot of folks out tonight." Oh, Eddie! Now, for instance, I'll come on from over there. I'm coming from here. This is in one. Now, you're you and I'm the gal. I'm Alice.

EDDIE. You're Alice.

MICKEY. I'm Alice—working in one—first introduction—I'm Alice—— *(They make an entrance as in vaudeville, coming to the center of the stage,* MICKEY *imitating the walk of a girl.* GUEST *enters from the dining room in time to see him.)*

GUEST. *(Eyeing* MICKEY *suspiciously, and going to stairs)* Whoops! (MICKEY *and* EDDIE *turn in surprise.* GUEST *goes upstairs, turns and looks at* MICKEY *again, guying him)* Yoo-ho! *(Laughs and goes out upstairs.)*

MICKEY. *(Making a move towards the stairs, after him, and throw his cap at him)* You humpty-dumpty clown of an acrobat, you! I've a mind——

EDDIE. Mr. Shannon, he's a guest at the hotel.

MICKEY. Well, guest or no guest—he razzed me —*me!* If you think you can get away with that, you don't. Any time you do, you don't! I've a good mind to go up there and tear his pan off'n him. Fat head. Wait till you pay your bill! Serves me right, I never should have let one actor walk in that—I was a sap to have ever started it. *(Looks at* EDDIE*)* Well, we're different, Eddie—I mean those common herd actors like that! That reminds me—you want to know how to run this desk.

EDDIE. Yes, sir.

MICKEY. Put your body on that trunk. (EDDIE *crosses and sits on the trunk.)* I want to tell you

about running a hotel. I don't know much about it myself, but I'll let you in on what I do know. Now, as to rates. Drummers—they're on an expense account—soak them.

EDDIE. Soak the drummers.

MICKEY. Right. Automobile tourists—they expect to be robbed anyway—rap them on the nut and take their roll. Make everybody register—no exceptions. And watch out for them Mr. and Mrs. Smith signers—and if they ain't got no baggage—out!

EDDIE. I'll call you.

MICKEY. Out first and then call me. And as for actors—no musicals, no acrobats, no jugglers and no animal acts. I'm not going to have my bathtubs all cluttered up with a lot of trained seals.

EDDIE. I'll remember those instructions, Mr. Shannon. But, Mr. Shannon, will you finish up my act?

MICKEY. Oh, Eddie, that act of yours—leave it lay—there it is—leave it lay! All you've got left of that act is the costumes, and you can send them back to Eaves in the morning. But don't worry, Eddie, I've got you in mind—something pretty good for you and Alice—and it's not hotel business either. Now, listen—under your hat—I've been thinking up an act for a long time—a big act—nine principals and six chorus girls—run about forty minutes—a melody-drama—can you imagine that!

EDDIE. Gee, that's great.

MICKEY. It's a wonderful act. I've got everything but the finish—and when I get that it'll be a wow! When I get that there's nothing to it—nothing to it! And I've got two pretty good parts for you and Alice.

EDDIE. Say, Mr. Shannon, will you tell me something about it?

MICKEY. I'll tell you where I am at the finish and what I need—and maybe you can think of some-

thing—you know, out of the mouths of babes—you've heard that saying. *(Goes down* R.*)* Over here are a boy and a gal—hoofers. *(Crosses over to* L.*)* And over here is another boy and gal—two more hoofers—this is the love interest. Now, get that. Here we are, right here. *(Comes to* C.*)* I'm here—wait—— *(Brings down the spittoon from in front of the desk and places it* L.C.*)* That's the villain, see—that spittoon is the villain—the villain is here. You and Alice are here. Let's see—are the chorus on? *(The telephone bell rings.* EDDIE *goes to phone to answer it.)* Oh, yes, the chorus comes on—the chorus comes on—wait a minute now——

EDDIE. *(As* MICKEY *is speaking* EDDIE *answers the phone)* Hello—hello. Oh, yes, Mr. Atkins—yes, Mr. Shannon's here. Yes, I'll call him. Wait a minute—hold the wire. *(To* MICKEY*)* Mr. Shannon—Mr. Shannon—Mr. Shannon—— *(On the third call,* MICKEY *suddenly hears and looks up.)*

MICKEY. Yeah—what?

EDDIE. Mr. Vance Atkins wants you on the phone.

MICKEY. Give it here—— (EDDIE *tries to hand receiver over desk—it doesn't reach.)* I can't reach it here. *(Goes to back of desk to phone)* Hello—what?—hello, Vance. Yes, Vance, it's Mickey. You have what? I thought you got that information from the State Capitol. Well, not over the phone. I'll come over and see you. I've got a clerk now—that guy with the act. Yeah—I'll be right over. *(Hangs up receiver and turns to* EDDIE*)* I'm going over to Vance Atkins' place—tend bar till I bet back—and try to think of something for that finish, will you?—and tend bar. *(Exits into barber shop.* EDDIE *goes behind desk. His attention is thrown* L. *by entrance of* BILL, *preceding the Melody Boys.)*

BILL. *(To* EDDIE*)* How do you do?

EDDIE. How are you?

BILL. Say, we want to——
EDDIE. You want rooms?
BILL. Yes.
EDDIE. Are you in the show business?
BILL. Yeah.
EDDIE. Jugglers?
BOYS. No.
EDDIE. Acrobats?
BOYS. *(A little louder)* No!
EDDIE. Animal acts?
BOYS. *(Loudly) No!*
EDDIE. *(Seeing their instrument cases)* Oh, musical!
BILL. Well?
EDDIE. Nothing doing!
BILL. Say, what's the big idea?
EDDIE. We don't take any jugglers, acrobats, animal acts, or musicals in this hotel.
BILL. Say, who's running this place?
EDDIE. Well, I kind of run it, but Mr. and Mrs. Shannon are the owners.
BILL. Mickey Shannon?
EDDIE. Uh-huh!
BILL. Of vaudeville?
EDDIE. Right.
BILL. This is the dump, boys—and he'll give us rooms, too.
EDDIE. Do you know him?
JAKE. Do we know him!
BILL. I'll say we do.
JAKE. Emma Shannon used to own this act.
EDDIE. Emma Shannon used to own your act?
BILL. Right.
EDDIE. Say, you fellows ain't the——
BILL. Sure, we're the Four Melody Boys.
EDDIE. The Four Melody Boys?
BILL. Right.

EDDIE. Oh, gee—you guys ain't actors—you're artists!

TOM. Where's Mickey?

EDDIE. Down in the village.

JAKE. Where's Emma?

EDDIE. She's in the dining room. Wait a minute. I'll get her out for you. Say, boys, she'll be glad to see you.

BILL. Wait a minute—wait a minute. What do you say, boys—we'll serenade her. Get out your instruments.

EDDIE. You mean you're going to play something? Gee, like a ferryboat. Wait'll I close the doors. *(Crosses and closes the dining-room doors. The boys, in the meantime, are getting out their instruments and group themselves before the door to the dining room)* Wait'll I put the villain back. *(Crosses to* L.C. *and puts the spittoon back in place in front of desk, then goes behind desk)* All right, boys.

(By this time the Boys have crossed to R., *taken out their saxaphones, line in formation and play a few bars of "Magnolia," when suddenly* EMMA *is heard to call and comes running in and greets them.)*

EMMA. *(Off right)* Oh, I know who that is! *(Enters)* Tommy—Bill—Paddy—Jake! Oh, boys! Gee, but it's great to see you bums again. *(All greet her—she hugs them all. The greeting is ad lib.)*

PAT. Em, you're a sight for sore eyes.

JAKE. Say, Em, you got *fat!*

EMMA. Jakie, you dirty little liar, I'll crown you! Oh, boys, it's good to see you again.

TOM. We heard about you getting in this dump, but we never knew what town it was in.

EMMA. Did you, Tom?

BILL. Wait a minute—say, how's Mickey?

ALL. Yeah, how's the old boy?

PAT. Is he here?

BILL. Say, I haven't seen Mickey since——

EMMA. Since he stole me away from the act, eh?

BILL. The robber!

EMMA. He's great. And he'll be tickled to death to see you again.

PAT. How's everything going?

EMMA. Swell, Pat, just great. Make yourselves at home, boys—the house is yours, understand. Oh, Eddie, come here—what do you think—that's my old act.

EDDIE. *(Comes from behind the desk)* Yeah, they were telling me.

EMMA. Yeah—the Four Melody Boys. Boys, this is our night clerk, Eddie Allen.

BOYS. Hello, Eddie.

EDDIE. Hello, boys. Say, Mrs. Shannon, how about their rooms?

EMMA. Oh, I forgot. Eddie, give them that big corner suite—you know the one—across from the ladies' walk. Oh, gee, boys, it's great to see you bums again.

TOM. Well, Em, do you like it here?

EMMA. Well, Tom, yes and no.

BILL. Whadda ya mean, yes and no?

EMMA. Well, of course, Bill, it's great to have a regular business, and it's wonderful to know you're gonna eat and sleep in the same place every night—but, oh, gee, I sure miss something when eight o'clock comes around.

PAT. I'll bet you do. How about Mickey?

EMMA. Well, he don't say anything, but I caught him showing one of the dining-room girls some steps.

BILL. Dining-room girls?

EMMA. And I heard him practicing on his saxaphone.

BILL. Can't get away from it.

EMMA. And he reads the Variety and Billboard from kiver to kiver. Boys, he don't say anything, but he's so homesick he could die.

TOM. Too bad.

JAKE. How is it too bad? This is a business, this hotel game, believe me!

EMMA. Ain't it so, Jakie, ain't it so!

BILL. Say, Em, do you see many of the old acts?

EMMA. Some of them get around here once in a while. We got a real good picture show——

BILL. *(Takes saxaphone out of case and shows it to her)* Em, look!

EMMA. Oh, Bill, is that an alto?

BILL. You know it is—for old time's sake.

EMMA. For old time's sake, you bet. I'm just bustin' to play with you boys again. Do you know "Shadows"? Let's go. One—two—— *(They play "Shadows." During which* CHUCK *enters from the dining room and stands at door listening. When the piece is over* EMMA *sees* CHUCK.*)* Chuck, I want to see you just a minute. *(*CHUCK *crosses to desk.)* Say, boys, what do you say—are you boys hungry?

BOYS. Yes. Are we!

EMMA. Jakie, come on, give us the old entrance music. *(They play "Hail, hail, the gang's all here" and start for the dining room.)*

BILL. *(Stopping in the doorway, throwing up his hands)* Oh, Em!

EMMA. Go on, you're blocking traffic. *(She strikes him in the back and pushes him off, then turns to* CHUCK*)* Say, Chuck, I'm trying like the devil to beat your old man to those options on that property. Now, how do you like them apples, Mr. Baldwin?

CHUCK. I like 'em. Are you sure about the north side?

EMMA. Yes, sure! Vance Atkins got that information from the State Capitol.

CHUCK. Emma, this is as sacred a trust to me as if——

EMMA. Cut out the speech and go get that land.

CHUCK. So long, Emma—— (EMMA *exits into the dining room.)* I'll see you or phone you tonight.

(BRADFORD *enters* L.)

BRADFORD. What are you doing here?

CHUCK. Just getting my lunch. *(Exit* L.)

BRADFORD. *(Goes up to desk)* How long have you been working here, young man?

EDDIE. Who—me?

BRADFORD. Yes.

EDDIE. Oh, I just started today, sir.

BRADFORD. Think you'll like it here?

EDDIE. Oh, yes—yes, indeed. I'm at home most any place I go. You see, I'm in vaudeville.

BRADFORD. Oh, yes? I thought you were working here in the hotel.

EDDIE. Oh, yes, I am. That is, for the time being. You see, my wife ain't been feeling well lately, and we thought we'd quit for a while, so I've hooked up with Mr. and Mrs. Shannon. Great people.

BRADFORD. Yes, they're very nice. Have you known them long?

EDDIE. Well, I've heard of 'em, but I just met 'em today.

BRADFORD. They're doing very well here, I believe.

EDDIE. Oh, great—great. Rooms full all the time.

BRADFORD. You don't happen to know whether they are increasing their property, do you? You see, I've a piece I'd like to sell them and——

EDDIE. Why, you see—— *(Realizing he is being pumped)* I don't know anything about what they're

doing—you see, I'm only a thick-headed vaudevillian myself, and I wouldn't know anything like that if it was told to me. See?

BRADFORD. Yes, I see. Have a cigar?

EDDIE. No, thanks, Mr.—I don't think I got your name——

BRADFORD. Bradford.

EDDIE. Oh—Bradford. I'll remember that, and when I see Mr. and Mrs. Shannon I'll find out from them just what they're going to do—and then I'll let you know.

BRADFORD. Pretty fresh, aren't you—like most actors!

EDDIE. Was there something else I could do for you, Mr. Bradford?

BRADFORD. I just want to tip you off to something——

EDDIE. Tip your frame out that door—that's your best tip-off.

(NEWT *is seen peering in at the barber shop door.)*

NEWT. Pst! Pst!

BRADFORD. *(Turning and seeing him)* Come in here. (NEWT *hesitates.)* Oh, come in. (NEWT *enters cautiously*—BRADFORD *takes him down* L.) Well, did you get them?

NEWT. *(Very much worried)* Yes—yes, here they are—now you remember you'll protect me—— *(Takes out papers and hands them to him.)*

BRADFORD. *(Taking the papers, opening one and inspecting it)* Don't worry about that. By the time I've finished there won't be any need of protection. Did you have any trouble?

NEWT. *(Still scared)* No, no trouble at all.

BRADFORD. Good. Did you use any more money than they gave you?

NEWT. Yes—er—I had to use that smaller check of yours.

BRADFORD. Good, that's all right.

NEWT. But I tell you it's against——

BRADFORD. Bah! Don't be so scarey.

(NEWT *turns to* L., *sees* MICKEY *coming, gives a shriek and dives out the barber shop door.* MICKEY *comes in* L.)

MICKEY. Well, where's the fire?

BRADFORD. *(Smiling)* How are you, Mr. Shannon?

MICKEY. *(To* EDDIE*)* Did you hear anything?

EDDIE. I never heard anything.

BRADFORD. I just dropped in to have a little business chat with you or your wife.

MICKEY. *(Ignoring him)* Where's Em?

EDDIE. She's in the dining room.

MICKEY. Get her, will you?

EDDIE. Yes, sir. *(Exits to dining room.)*

BRADFORD. I am anxious to purchase this hotel. (MICKEY *doesn't answer.)* Oh, come now, there's no use in being childish about it.

MICKEY. Hey, look, Bradford, all I need is an excuse to rap you right in the jaw, and the more you talk the more excuse I got.

(BRADFORD *stands looking at him, then begins to laugh—as he laughs* EMMA *enters from dining room. They both stand watching* BRADFORD *as he takes papers from his pocket, looks at them, puts them back and exits* L., *laughing all the while.)*

BRADFORD. Ha—ha—ha—that's the funniest thing I've ever heard.

EMMA. Mickey, did you clown for him?

MICKEY. Clown? I'll crown him. Say—I've got some humpty-dumpty news——

EMMA. And I've got some news for you—who do you think is in the dining room? Look—— *(Takes up sax and shows it to him.)*

MICKEY. Who's is that? Not Tommy's?

EMMA. Tommy's! They're all in the dining room. Pat, Bill, Tom and Jake—Pat's wife's with his folks in Orange—and Jimmy Whalen *did* get his divorce in Paris—and Mattie is going to sue him as soon as he gets back—can you imagine that?

MICKEY. Yeah? Say, I've got some humpty-dumpty news, too—that railroad thing ain't going through, after all—it's all off. (EMMA *is stricken.)* Vance got it just a few minutes ago. It's too bad. Here we was all set to cut a nice juicy melon and that's the breaks. I'll bet that's what old Bradford was laughing at. At that, maybe he's stuck with some of them options. I hope he is—the fathead. Serve him right. *(Goes to behind desk.)*

EMMA. Mickey!

MICKEY. What?

EMMA. Oh, Mickey.

MICKEY. What?

EMMA. Oh, gee, Mickey—I'm scared.

MICKEY. *(Crosses to her)* What's the matter?

EMMA. Now, don't get mad and fly off the handle—try to see it my way, will you?

MICKEY. What is it?

EMMA. Well, just after Vance was here and told us that, I gave them checks and sent them out to get options on land to beat Bradford to it.

MICKEY. Gave who checks to get what options?

EMMA. Chuck Bradford and Newt Eddy. Oh, Mickey——

MICKEY. How much did you give them?

EMMA. All we got—almost. (MICKEY *goes up to*

desk and picks up checkbook.) You can see on the stubs there.

MICKEY. Oh, my God, Em!

EMMA. Oh, Mickey!

MICKEY. That's an awful thing to do. That's all our dough! Hey, look, we earned that dough—we worked hard for it—every dime we got—that dough wasn't left to us. I never thought you could do such a fool thing like that.

EMMA. I know—but Mickey, it seemed so safe.

MICKEY. Safe—safe as horse racing! Give a couple of strange guys all our dough. I never thought you could be such a fool!

EMMA. Mickey—please——

MICKEY. That's what you are—a fool. If you wanted to do that with your own dough, it's all right—half that dough was mine—it wasn't fair—it wasn't fair! That was the same thing as being crooked—that was.

EMMA. Mickey, don't say that——

MICKEY. It was—it was crooked. That was the same thing as stealing.

EMMA. *(Screaming and stamping her foot)* Mickey, don't you talk to me like that!

MICKEY. You got it coming to you—it was stealing—it was taking my money. Half that dough was mine—and you went and took it.

EMMA. Mickey!

MICKEY. That's what you are—a crook! Every dime! You know it all, don't you—you always know it all. You—Mrs. Wise Guy, that's you! I should have taken that gal's advice and kept my dough myself. You and your grouch bag and your bank account. "Mickey, you keep out of that stud game! Mickey, don't bet on them horses!" And what do you do? Give a couple of strange guys—and now it's gone! *(Starts up stairs)* Aw, that's enough—I'm through!

EMMA. *(Going to foot of stairs)* Mickey, where you going?

MICKEY. I'm going to pack a couple of bags and get the hell out of here. You can have this dump, what's left of it. Go back in vaudeville where you belong—and do a single—alone! I'm through! *(Exits upstairs.)*

EMMA. Mickey! Oh, Mickey, don't go 'way! *(She sits dejectedly at the foot of the stairs, with her sax on her lap. She cries softly—looks at sax, then tries to play it, but breaks down. She finally musters up enough courage to try and play again and plays the first movement of the song, breaks down and cries. As the music is heard,* MICKEY *appears on the stairs with two bags.)*

MICKEY. *(Drops the bags)* That was wrong!

EMMA. What?

MICKEY. *(Comes down stairs, starts to get out sax)* I say, that was wrong. You played it wrong. You always played it wrong. You never played it right since we set the number in the act. It don't go like you played it. *(Plays the same passage on his sax)* That's the way it goes—not the way you played it—with that flat in there. And another thing—there's a step in that soft shoe routine you've never done right yet. Get up out o' that and try it.

EMMA. I can't.

MICKEY. You can and you will, too. Put that string around your neck and get up here and try it.

EMMA. Mickey, I can't—— *(She cries)* I've lost all your money.

MICKEY. Well, how the hell do we get some more if you don't do the act right? Now, come on!

EMMA. Oh, Mickey, I can't——

MICKEY. Yes, you can, too! Now, right from where the orchestra picks us up—the end of the number—into the dance—one, two—— *(They play*

and dance the number—MICKEY *glaring at her, and she crying. He stops)* You see—you're wrong!

EMMA. Like hell I am! *(They go on dancing the number as the curtain falls.)*

CURTAIN

ACT III

SCENE: *Same as Act II.*

TIME: *Next day. Early afternoon.*

AT RISE: EDDIE *discovered behind desk.* ALICE *enters from the dining room. The Melody Boys are heard playing softly in the dining room. When the curtain is up the refrain comes to an end.*

ALICE. Eddie.

EDDIE. Wait a minute. *(Bus.)* Is Mrs. Shannon in the dining room practicing with the boys?

ALICE. No. She's upstairs in her room. *(Crosses to L. and sits.)*

EDDIE. Don't you think you oughter go up and ask her if there's anything you can do for her?

ALICE. I did, and she told me the same thing.

EDDIE. What same thing?

ALICE. To get to hell away from that door. Eddie, you don't think she's up there crying, do you?

EDDIE. Not her. She's too game. Say, do you know she's lost every dime they have in the world—and she took the rap right in the button with a smile.

ALICE. Gee, she's braver than I am. Lost all their money! What are they going to do?

EDDIE. I don't know, but believe me, Mickey was giving her the devil.

ALICE. *Eddie,* you didn't listen, did you?

EDDIE. Well, I couldn't help but hear what they said. Nearly the hull dining room heard it. Then

me and that musical act come in here and there the two o' them was doing their old act—steps and all. And take it from me, Babe, if they let us have that act of their'n, you gotta lot o' rehearsing to do, believe me.

ALICE. Was Mrs. Shannon practicing steps and playing the sax, too?

EDDIE. Oh, marvellous—marvellous!

(EMMA *comes down stairs. She is quiet and subdued.)*

EMMA. Hello, children.

ALICE. H'lo, Mrs. Shannon. *(Crosses to her)* How do you feel?

EMMA. What? Oh. *(Short pause, crosses between them)* Eddie, did you hear Mickey and me?

EDDIE. Yes, I heard. Gee, I'm sorry.

EMMA. Oh, that's all right. That's just one of those things that are liable to happen any time when married people—you two are married, aren't you?

EDDIE. *Oh, yes,* Mrs. Emma. The very first week we was out playing our act. Say, you didn't think—

EMMA. That's all right—you needn't show me your certificate. What I was going to say was this: Now that you're married—that's a partnership—and let that be a fifty-fifty partnership—always—and don't one of you ever get gay and try out a lot of new stuff in the act, without letting the other in on it. That's where a lot of folks go wrong. Now, promise me. (EDDIE *and* ALICE *nod.)* Well, stick to that and maybe some day you'll own your own hotel. *(Crosses to* R.*)*

EDDIE. Believe me, Mrs. Shannon, we know enough to take a tip from you—and say, if that goes about you lettin' us have that old act of your'n—say, we'll clean up.

EMMA. Eddie, I'm afraid—— *(The music is*

heard in the dining room again.) No, I ain't afraid —but I guess me and Mickey'll have to play that old act ourselves, till we get enough money to—to—but don't you two worry—we'll get you an act, all right. Alice, if you ever pull a bloomer like I just did, I'll spank you till you can't sit down. (ALICE *crosses to* EMMA, *takes the wet handkerchief she has in her hand and gives her a fresh one.* MICKEY *enters* L. EDDIE *and* ALICE, *seeing him, quietly go upstairs.)* Hello. *(Sits* R.*)*

MICKEY. *(In front of desk up* C.*)* Hello!

EMMA. Did you wire Benny?

MICKEY. Sure, I wired him.

EMMA. What did you say?

MICKEY. I told him to book us something—unless he could square us with the U.B.O. with the old act.

EMMA. You didn't send a straight wire, did you?

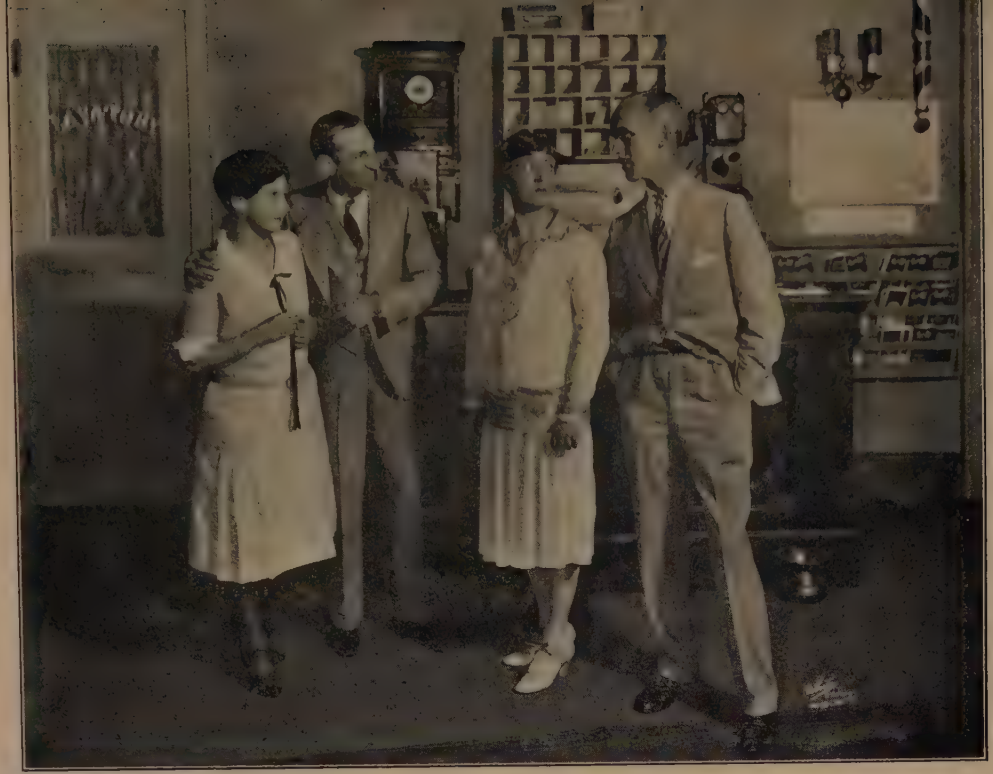
MICKEY. Certainly not. I sent a day letter.

EMMA. A night letter would have been cheaper.

MICKEY. Yeah, so it would. *(There is another pause)* I sent word to Bradford we'd sell the dump. *(Another pause.)* He can get it now for whatever he wants to give for it.

(EMMA *is plucking at her dress. At* MICKEY'S *words she suddenly puts her head down and covers her face with her hands—then as quickly drops them, as though trying to have courage.)*

EMMA. *(Tears on the verge of flowing)* I got out all our old orchestrations and looked them over. We're gonna need a new drum part for that finale. *(Short pause.)* I guess Pat will make one for us—cheap—— *(She stops, unable to continue.* MICKEY *has been standing looking at her—crosses to her* R.C., *bends down and kisses her. She looks up at him and they smile at each other—he kisses her and pats her*



THE SHANNONS OF BROADWAY ACT III—*Page 88*

on the back and she pats his leg. Tenderly, with tears in her voice) Oh, gee, you skinny little bum, you!

MICKEY. Well, how can a guy get fat on hotel victuals, now tell me that! What I need is a cup of your java and a good old plate of sterno cooked ham and eggs. *(Goes back to desk.)*

ALICE. *(Calling down from upstairs)* Mrs. Shannon—Annie says she won't do the stairs—she says——

EMMA. All right, I'll come. *(She goes to the stairs and stops.* ALICE *disappears. As she reaches the heads of the stairs she turns to* MICKEY*)* Mickey, a good sport never hits a guy when he's down. And outside of loving you most to death—I respect you more than anybody I know. *(Exits upstairs.* MICKEY *throws a kiss after her—goes behind desk —busies himself for a few seconds, then takes checkbook and looks at it—sighs and puts it down. As he does so* GUEST *enters down stairs with suitcase. The music dies away.)*

GUEST. *(Puts down his suitcase and takes out wallet)* I'm checking out—one thirty-one.

MICKEY. *(Looks up at him—calling)* Emma!

EMMA. *(Off upstairs)* What do you want?

MICKEY. Count the towels in one thirty-one!

GUEST. Say—what's the idea?

MICKEY. You're working over at this pitcher theatre, ain't you?

GUEST. Well, what of it?

MICKEY. *(Pointing to himself)* Twenty years in vaudeville, feller—I know what happens to hotel towels.

GUEST. It's all right with me.

EMMA. *(Off upstairs)* Okey!

MICKEY. Five bucks.

GUEST. You made me a rate of two dollars.

MICKEY. Nothin' doin'! That's a three-dollar

room and professional rates makes it two and a half.

GUEST. All right, but it's robbery—two-fifty—can you beat this guy—there it is. *(Pays and crosses to* L.*)* And another thing, the hot water runs red and smells like Delancey Street on a hot day. *(Exits* L.*)*

MICKEY. *(Calling after him)* I'd like to see the dump you're living in on Forty-sixth Street, you ham! Whoops! (MINERVA *enters from the dining room, crying.* MICKEY *looks up)* What's the matter with you—sore because my friends are practicing in your dining room? (MINERVA *does not answer.)* Want to quit again? (MINERVA *nods her head.)* You do? *(She nods again.)* What do you want—more dough? Try and get it. *(She shakes her head no.)* You don't want a raise? *(She shakes her head again)* And you want to quit? *(She shakes her head yes and sobs.)* Say, what's the bell's the matter with you? *(Comes from behind the desk and crosses over to her.)*

MINERVA. *(Sobs)* Oh, Mr. Shannon, I can't tell you.

MICKEY. Well, you're certainly gonna tell me. I'm the boss around here—if there's any trouble goin' on, I want to know about it, see!

MINERVA. *(Sobbing)* That's it—I'm in trouble and I can't—I can't tell you.

MICKEY. Come across, now—there ain't any kind of trouble I ain't been in and out of and made good.

MINERVA. I can't tell you—I want to tell Mrs. Shannon.

MICKEY. For why? I wear the pants around here—come across.

MINERVA. Oh, Mr. Shannon—I can't tell you—I can't tell *any man.*

MICKEY. *(Suddenly frightened as he realizes what she is trying to tell him)* You can't—*tell—any*

man? (MINERVA *shakes her head no.)* Oh, Emma! Emma! Shut up! I don't want to hear it! *(Frightened, tries to stop her)* Wait, don't tell me—don't say any more. Emma! Emma!

(EMMA *appears on the stairs and comes down.)*

EMMA. Well, what's the matter now? What is it?

MICKEY. Emma, c'm'ere! (EMMA *crosses to him* L.C.) It's Minerva—she's leavin'—she wants to quit—she's in trouble—and I think—— *(Whispers in her ear.)*

EMMA. Mickey! (MICKEY *goes up to the barber shop door.)* Mickey Shannon, are you going crazy?

MICKEY. I'm going somewhere. *(Rushes off into the barber shop.)*

EMMA. For heaven's sake, Min, sit down here. What is it?

MINERVA. *(Sits in chair* R.C.) Oh, Mrs. Shannon, I couldn't tell him.

EMMA. Never mind—what I want to know is why do you want to leave? *(Gives her handkerchief* ALICE *has given her.)*

MINERVA. Why? I can't stay here now, can I?

EMMA. Oh, Min, for heaven's sake, you don't think we're going to throw you out in the snow—have a little sense.

MINERVA. You mean I can stay on and keep my job—until——

EMMA. Sure you can—and then have it back and your little room upstairs—both of you.

MINERVA. Oh, Mrs. Shannon.

EMMA. Who is it, Min—Bert? (MINERVA *nods.)* What does he say? Won't he?

MINERVA. No.

EMMA. Do you still love him, Min? *(She nods.)* Sure—*you* would. All right. Don't you worry—

we'll get Bert and we'll get him good. Now, you get back to your job in the dining room, and you hold up your head—and you flirt like the devil with every good-looking man that comes in, do you understand?

MINERVA. *(Rises)* Flirt?

EMMA. You heard me. Whenever Bert's watching, you flirt with every good-looking man that comes in the dining room.

MINERVA. *(Moves to* R.*)* Mrs. Shannon, will that do any good?

EMMA. I don't know, Min, but we'll try everything. *(Moves up to stairs.* MINERVA *goes to door* R.*)* And, Minerva—when I said flirt with every good-looking man, I didn't mean Mickey Shannon, you understand!

(MICKEY *pokes his head in door of barber shop in time to hear this.* MINERVA *goes into dining room.)*

MICKEY. *(Comes to behind desk)* Well—did she tell you?

EMMA. *(Half way up the stairs)* She did.

MICKEY. The works?

EMMA. The works! (MICKEY *stands staring front in consternation.)* Mickey, I'll bet that guy would scab in a strike!

MICKEY. He's a mouse.

EMMA. A mouse?

MICKEY. Smaller than a rat!

EMMA. Oh, Mickey! *(Exits upstairs.* MICKEY *busies himself at the desk.* TESSIE *enters from* L.*)*

TESSIE. Hello, Mickey.

MICKEY. Hello.

TESSIE. Where's Emma?

MICKEY. Upstairs.

TESSIE. May I go up?

MICKEY. Sure—sure—help yourself. (TESSIE *crosses and starts upstairs.)* Might as well make the most of it while you can. As far as I'm concerned, there won't be much more of it.

TESSIE. *(Stops and turns halfway up stairs)* What?

MICKEY. Oh, nuthin'—just muttering—I mutter that way all the time—I'm getting to be one of the world's best mutterers. *(He unconsciously picks up the checkbook and looks at the stubs; with a look of disgust he throws it over his shoulder.* TESSIE *has gone out upstairs.* MICKEY *turns to the phone and rings.* ALBEE *enters* L., *sees that he is occupied and stands waiting till he is through phoning.)* Gimme —what number do I have to ask for to get 481? Well, gimme it—if you have the time. Hello—Mr. Bradford? Oh, he ain't, huh? Never mind—tell him it's Mr. Shannon over at the hotel. *(Hangs up phone and comes from behind desk.)*

ALBEE. *(A well-dressed, middle-aged man carrying a brief case)* Mr. Shannon?

MICKEY. Yeah. In person—not a picture.

ALBEE. *(Starts to open brief case)* I have here—

MICKEY. I don't want none of it.

ALBEE. What?

MICKEY. I don't know what you're selling, but whatever it is, I don't even want a sample. *(Crosses to* R.*)*

ALBEE. I'm afraid I don't understand. My name is Albee, and I——

MICKEY. *(Stopping short and turns to him on the name "Albee")* What's that?

ALBEE. I said I didn't understand—and I——

MICKEY. *(Moving towards him)* No, no, not that—what did you say your name was?

ALBEE. Albee.

MICKEY. *(Lovingly)* Mr. Albee!

ALBEE. That's right——

MICKEY. Standing right in my hotel.

ALBEE. My card. *(Offering it.)*

MICKEY. That's all right—I don't need your card, Mr. Albee. I'd a known you any place. *(Looking at him beamingly)* Mr. Albee! Whaddaya think o' that! *(Offers chair quickly)* Set down, Mr. Albee—put the body right in that chair and take the weight off the Airdales. (ALBEE *sits, rather surprised at* MICKEY'S *treatment.)* Mr. Albee, sitting right in my hotel. *(Calls)* Oh, Emma! *(To* ALBEE*)* I'll get the sheriff down here and introduce her to you. Oh, Emma! Hurry up!

EMMA. *(Entering downstairs excitedly)* For heaven's sake, Mickey, what's the trouble this time?

MICKEY. Come here, quick. *(To* ALBEE*)* How about a cup of java or something?

ALBEE. Oh, no, thank you—I lunched on the train.

MICKEY. (EMMA *is now at his side)* Emma—oh, this is Mrs. Shannon. *(To her.* ALBEE *rises when he sees* EMMA.*)* Who do you think that is standin' there?

EMMA. What am I supposed to say?

MICKEY. Nix crackin'! That is *Mr. Albee!*

EMMA. Mickey!

MICKEY. And how do you like them raisins, Mrs. Sunmaid?

EMMA. Mickey—on the level?

ALBEE. That's my name, Mrs. Shannon—but—

EMMA. Well, now listen, Mr. Albee—it was this way—you see, I wanted a——

MICKEY. Just a minute, please. Leave me tell this. Sit down, Mr. Albee! *(Gets to* L. *of* ALBEE *and they force him into the chair between them.)*

ALBEE. My dear Mr. Shannon—I don't want to—

MICKEY. That's all right, Mr. Albee—just leave me tell what I want and then you can see that the whole thing is a lot of Indian puddin'—now——

(The next two speeches are said together—rapidly.)

EMMA. Now, wait, Mickey—I can make it clearer than you can—Mr. Albee—I wanted a plush drop and Mickey wanted a lot of dirty painted scenery that never looks like anything—will you please, Mickey, let me tell it—so you see, we couldn't agree and—oh, well, that's the reason we kept on with the old act and—oh, for Pete's sake——

MICKEY. Now, look—she wanted to class up the act and so did I, so we got the new act all ready and rehearsed—say, who's doin' this, you or me?—will you give me a chance once in a while—well, my idea is to have some swell aniline painted piece to cover any set, see, and in that way we could play the new act with a new set and it would fit any one of your—oh, say, how can he hear?

ALBEE. *(Breaking in)* Please! I haven't the slightest idea what you are talking about. I represent the Associated Hotels, Inc. I have here—— *(They look at him in disgust when they realize he is not E. F. Albee.)*

MICKEY. Hey! Is your name Albee?

ALBEE. It is—George W. Albee—traveling for the Associated Hotels.

EMMA. George!

MICKEY. Double-u!

ALBEE. And I have here——

MICKEY. Blah! Keep it. *(Goes up behind desk. The telephone bell rings.)*

ALBEE. Oh, I see. You know about it, eh?

MICKEY. *(Back of desk)* All I want to know! *(Answers phone)* Hello!

ALBEE. I see. Well, Mr Shannon, don't you think we can do business at all?

MICKEY. *(Answering phone, paying no attention to* ALBEE*)* H'lo! Yes, Mr. Bradford, I did—twice. Well, it's about this hotel.

ALBEE. *(To* EMMA, *while* MICKEY *continues)* Mrs. Shannon, don't you think you could persuade your husband to sell to me? I know that if he sells to someone in town it's more of a family affair—but my people are prepared to offer a big price for the whole place and we'll give a big stock bonus and——

EMMA. *(Trying to listen to both conversations)* Do you want to buy this hotel?

ALBEE. Yes.

MICKEY. *(In phone)* Yes, I'll sell it at your price——

EMMA. *(To* MICKEY*)* No! No!

ALBEE. *(Thinking she is answering him)* Well, I've said all I can say—— *(Goes down to his brief case on chair.)*

MICKEY. *(To* EMMA*)* Shut up! *(In phone)* Not you, Mr. Bradford. What—yes, I'll sell——

EMMA. *(Yelling)* Wait—Mickey—wait!

MICKEY. *(To her)* Oh, shut up!

EMMA. I won't!

MICKEY. I'm talking business over this phone.

EMMA. *(Still yelling)* So am I—I'm talking bigger business than you are——

MICKEY. Do you want me to lose the sale of this——

EMMA. *(Still yelling)* Yes, I do—and I'll keep on yelling till you hang up and listen—— *(Louder than ever)* Mickey, I'll yell and yell and yell——

ALBEE. Mrs. Shannon!

EMMA. You yell, too—it's your business I'm yelling for——

ALBEE. *(Shouting)* Is it? Mr. Shannon! Mr. Shannon!

MICKEY. *(Pantomiming to them—they quit yelling)* You two win! I can't battle the two of youse. *(In phone)* Come over and see me! *(Hangs up, sits on stool back of desk)* Now, what the hell's the yells for?

EMMA. You tell him, Mr. Albee, if you've got the wind—but do it on the jump because that guy on the phone will be over.

ALBEE. But Mr. Shannon said he knew.

MICKEY. Knew what?

EMMA. Sure he knows, but tell him over again—price—stock—bonus and all. Listen, Mickey.

ALBEE. Well, Mr. Shannon, it's simply this. My company are prepared to offer you fifteen thousand for this property with a bonus of one hundred shares of preferred stock in the new hotel. Cash offer—no waits.

MICKEY. *(Bewildered, rising on the stool)* Fifteen grand for the hotel?

ALBEE. And I'm afraid that's the limit. *(Turns to his brief case.* MICKEY *rises behind the counter to accept the offer at once, but* EMMA *pushes him back in his seat and comes down to* ALBEE.*)*

EMMA. How about the furnishings? Of course they'd be no use to us.

ALBEE. Well, I'll make you a fair offer of—say five thousand for everything.

EMMA. Five thousand! Now, let me think—five thousand—five thousand! *(Crosses to* R. *of desk—*MICKEY *tries to get her ear.)* That's about the same as Bradford's offer, wasn't it, Mickey?

MICKEY. Yes. The guy on the phone.

EMMA. He's coming right over, Mickey?

MICKEY. He's on his way now. I told him Albee was here.

ALBEE. *(Making his last stand)* Well, here's all I'm allowed to offer. I'll give you twenty-five thousand for the hotel and fittings—and that's my last offer.

MICKEY. Sold!

(Enter VANCE *on the run from* L.*)*

VANCE. Mickey!

MICKEY. What?

VANCE. I've got him!

MICKEY. Who?

VANCE. Newt. Come on——

MICKEY. I can't.

VANCE. You gotta—this means millions—come on—— *(Runs out* L., *followed by* MICKEY.*)*

EMMA. Well, just you change the name on that deed to Mrs. James Aloysius Shannon, and put in about the furnishings. You can use the desk up here. *(She goes to behind the desk; he comes to* L. *end of it.)* And there's a favor I'd like to ask, Mr. Albee.

ALBEE. Yes?

EMMA. There's some of the help around here I'd like to have retained. I've sort of promised them life jobs, you might say——

ALBEE. Well, just you make me out a list of the help you think are capable and I can safely promise they'll be retained. Now, that's fair, eh?

EMMA. That's the berries. When are you going to start building?

ALBEE. *(Calmly writing)* Oh, within a month. The new railroad yards and the branch line go in immediately, and I think an Army Aviation Field—but of course you knew that.

EMMA. *(Faintly)* Where is the railroad going in?

ALBEE. On the south side of the river—near the fork.

EMMA. Not on the north side, huh?

ALBEE. *(Still writing)* Oh, no—that's utterly useless up that way.

EMMA. Well—I was just hoping——

ALBEE. Ha-ha—been speculating in land, eh? Ha-ha-ha!

EMMA. *(Sickly)* Yes—ha-ha-ha!

ALBEE. Now, then, Mrs. Shannon—if you will be so kind as to sign this receipt and the memo agreement, that will conclude this part of the deal.

EMMA. All but the check. Ha-ha-ha!

ALBEE. *(Laughs)* There it is—made out in your favor. Five thousand. *(Hands her the check.)*

EMMA. Well, that's fine, Mr. Albee—and when do we finish this all up?

ALBEE. Oh, our attorneys will attend to everything, and you'll probably have the balance in a week or so. Is that too soon to vacate?

EMMA. Tomorrow ain't too soon for me.

ALBEE. Well, that's fine—and in due time you'll hear from us and get the balance check of twenty thousand.

EMMA. Thank you very much, Mr. Albee. *(Rings the bell on the desk)* I'm much obliged.

ALBEE. And I wish you a great deal of luck. *(Shakes hands)* Good-bye—I'm delighted to have met you—good-bye. *(Exits* L. *to street.)*

EMMA. *(Calling)* Eddie!

(EDDIE *enters.)*

EDDIE. What is it?

EMMA. Eddie, it's the greatest break that could ever happen. I've just sold this shanty for twenty-five grand.

(MICKEY *bursts in door from street* L.)

MICKEY. Did you get it?

EMMA. What?

MICKEY. Quit stallin'—did you?

EMMA. *(Waving check)* Five grand—and the balance in a week if we can vacate by then.

MICKEY. Whyn't you grab it all and meet me out-

side—I wouldn't need to even walk back in the dump.

EMMA. Be your age. They've got to look up our title and all.

MICKEY. My title is Mister Shannon.

EDDIE. Of Broadway!

MICKEY. Right. H'lo, Eddie—did Em spill the news? (EDDIE *nods his head yes.)* Hey, Em—we got Newt.

EMMA. Who?

(VANCE *and* NEWT *are seen passing the windows* L.)

MICKEY. Newt. Vance is bringing him along. But we couldn't find Chuck any place. But we got Newt. Here they are——

(Enter VANCE L., *holding* NEWT *by the arm, pushing him along.)*

VANCE. Never mind—get in there.

NEWT. Now, see here—I can have you jailed for this!

VANCE. Kin ye? Well, before we go to jail you're goin' to tell Mr. and Mrs. Shannon what you done to 'em. Go on!

EMMA. What did he do, Vance?

VANCE. Wait'll you hear. Go on, Newt, before I let Mickey get at you.

NEWT. *(Crying)* Now, see here—stop bullying me—you're forcing me by force——

VANCE. Tell 'em!

MICKEY. Spill it, you rat—what?

NEWT. Oh, Mis' Shannon, you know I didn't meant to do it, don't you? You know——

EMMA. *(Coldly)* Go on and tell us what you've done.

NEWT. *(Sniffling)* Well—I—I started out to get

them options for you like you bid me—and——

VANCE. *(Winking at* MICKEY*)* Where? What options?

NEWT. North of the river where the railroad yards was going to be.

EMMA. *(A light dawning on her)* Oh, I see,—yes?

NEWT. And I ran into Bradford and he scared me half to death with threats of jail and the like—so—so—so—so——

EMMA. Quit singing and go on!

NEWT. And he made me go on getting them options in his name!

EMMA. And you got 'em?

NEWT. Yes!

EMMA. On the north side?

NEWT. Yes!

EMMA. Darling! *(Kisses him on the forehead.* NEWT *falls back, surprised.)*

MICKEY. But that's all wrong!

EMMA. I know—but that's what makes it right!

MICKEY. But why the hell the kiss?

EMMA. Never mind. *(Turning to* NEWT*)* Go on!

NEWT. And he gave me some more money, in case what you give me warn't enough.

VANCE. Did you ever hear the beat o' that?

MICKEY. What'll we do with him?

VANCE. Do? Why, slam both him and Bradford in jail.

NEWT. You can't—you can't do it—I was doing it at his bidding—I got a witness—I always get a witness to my doings with Bradford.

MICKEY. Oh, Em, I got a feeling I'm going to put on an act for Bradford.

EMMA. Oh, Mickey, I got a feeling you're going to need music for that act. *(Goes into the dining room.)*

MICKEY. Bradford's on his way over here now—I just phoned him.

NEWT. Lemme go—lemme go—he'll kill me!

VANCE. Hold your horses, Newt—he ain't going to kill nobody. Now, you do as we say and you'll come out on top!

MICKEY. Maybe!

VANCE. But go ag'in' us and it's the pen for yours. We got to get rid of him. What will we do with him, Mickey?

MICKEY. I know. We'll put him in the washroom with Eddie Allen to guard him. *(Calling)* Eddie!

EDDIE. *(Delighted, grabbing* NEWT *by the collar and yanking him to* R.*)* And beat him up?

MICKEY. No, don't beat him yet. Just keep him there till I call you.

NEWT. Now, you won't let Bradford get me, will you, boys?

MICKEY. Screw, bum!

EDDIE. Come on, you—inside here! *(Jerks him up to the washroom door.)*

NEWT. Oh! (EDDIE *shoves* NEWT *out through the door of the washroom.)*

MICKEY. Oh, boy, what a break this is!

VANCE. What is?

MICKEY. Now Bradford's stuck with all them options on the north side of the river where the railroad ain't going to be!

VANCE. Wow!

(BRADFORD *enters from* L.*)*

BRADFORD. Ah, Shannon, you're here. What was all that row on the phone?

MICKEY. Oh, that—that was nothing—just a little argument we was having——

BRADFORD. *(Looking at* VANCE*)* I believe you

THE SHANNONS OF BROADWAY

ACT III—*Page 105*

said you wanted to see me. Where shall we go to talk this matter over?

MICKEY. Right here—why, where did you want to go?

BRADFORD. Do you generally talk business in front of strangers?

MICKEY. Oh, yes, quite often. More witnesses, you know.

BRADFORD. As you please. Now, about this hotel —I believe you said you wanted to sell. Of course, I don't really want it now—but I could use the land later on—so I'll take it off your hands.

MICKEY. That's fine—but you see it's sold!

BRADFORD. Sold?

MICKEY. To the Associated Hotels, Inc., for twenty-five thousand.

BRADFORD. Oh, stop your kidding—I came here on business.

MICKEY. Yeah? Did you? Well, you're going to get all the business you want before I'm through with you. And I'll show you that I don't kid with guys like you—get 'at?

BRADFORD. What do you mean?

MICKEY. I mean this——

(Enter CHUCK *from* L.*)*

CHUCK. Father! What are you doing here?

BRADFORD. And what are *you* doing here? Didn't I forbid you——

CHUCK. That's all over now—you can't forbid me to do anything now.

BRADFORD. What do you mean by that?

(TESSIE *comes down the stairs.)*

TESSIE. Emma, I must go now. *(Sees* CHUCK*)* Charley!

BRADFORD. *(Seeing* TESSIE*)* Oh, so that's your reason for coming here—to meet that woman. *(To* MICKEY*)* Is that the sort of hotel you've been running, Shannon?

(EMMA *enters from* R.*)*

EMMA. *(Calmly)* That's the tip-off, boys—get ready. *(She beckons on the Four Melody Boys from the dining room.)*

BRADFORD. Shannon, I came here on the strength of your phone call that you were all in and wanted to sell. Well, what about it?

MICKEY. I'll tell you what about it, Bradford—and I'll tell you lots more, too!

BRADFORD. Oh, I'm not going to stand here listening to you rave. Say yes or no—whether you want to sell or not, and I'll go.

MICKEY. You'll go when I get ready to let you.

BRADFORD. What?

MICKEY. Vance, get in front of that door and when I tell you to, get the marshal and have him take this crook to jail.

(Under EMMA'S *direction, the Melody Boys strike a chord and segue into hurrry music.)*

BRADFORD. Crook? Why, you——

MICKEY. Easy there, Bradford—I've wanted an excuse to sock you for a long time. Now, you better listen to me first, that's all!

TESSIE. Mr. Shannon, may I say something?

MICKEY. Sure, Tess, go ahead. When you get through I'll get mine in.

TESSIE. *(Down to him)* Mr. Bradford, when I first met your son he was a nice clean boy. *(Segue to "Hearts and Flowers.")* Then you objected to

me and made his life so miserable that he drank and didn't care *what* became of him.

BRADFORD. I objected because of his mother——

EMMA. *(To the boys)* "Mother Machree." *(They segue to "Mother Machree.")*

BRADFORD. His mother was ill—she is now!

TESSIE. Mr. Bradford, that's a lie! (BOYS *strike chord and segue to hurry music.)* You did it because you were trying to steal what little property I had left, and you know it. And now—now when Charles is trying to make something of himself, you are trying to send him back.

BRADFORD. Well, if you must know, I don't think you're a fit person to marry him.

CHUCK. Father!

BRADFORD. Shut up! No, nor any decent man!

CHUCK. *(Facing his father quickly)* Take that back—take it back or I'll—I'll——

BRADFORD. Charles!

CHUCK. Apologize, I tell you—at once!

MICKEY. Aw, soak him, Chuck. He's got it coming!

TESSIE. That will do no good and you'll be so sorry afterwards.

CHUCK. But he's got to apologize, Tess.

(The music has come to forte and almost drowns out the voices.)

MICKEY. *(Turns upon the boys and shouts)* Aw, cut it out, will you!

(Music stops. EMMA *and the* BOYS *all laugh.)*

BRADFORD. Well, I apologize—but let me tell you, young man——

MICKEY. No, you'll do no tellin'—we'll tell you. Now, Bradford, my wife started two men out with

money to get options—*you got to one of them!* You made this agent of yours get them options in your name and supplied him with more dough in case ours ran out. Do you know what that does to you? That makes you a crook and you can get twenty years on each count!

CHUCK. Father!

BRADFORD. It's a lie! He's lying, I tell you!

MICKEY. Yeah? *(Calling)* Eddie, bring him in!

(EDDIE *enters from washroom, dragging* NEWT *by the collar.* BRADFORD *is thunderstruck.* NEWT *is in a dilapidated condition.)*

BRADFORD. You damned, sneaking double-crosser, you!

NEWT. *(Frightened dumb at sight of* BRADFORD*)* Now—now——

EMMA. *(To* BOYS*)* Cheer for Newt Eddy, boys! *(Raspberry on bass horn.* NEWT *yells, frightened, and jumps away from them to up* C. *by desk.)*

MICKEY. But the worst is yet to come. The railroad is *not* going to build north of the river, but south!

BRADFORD. What?

MICKEY. So all your crooked work was for nothing.

(BRADFORD *is in despair at this and moves up to desk There is a pause as all realize what has happened.)*

VANCE. What'll we do with him, Mickey?

MICKEY. What? Why, *jail,* o' course!

EMMA. Aw, you can't do that, Mickey.

MICKEY. Can't I? Well, watch me. Vance, get the marshal.

VANCE. *(Starts)* I guess it's best.

TESSIE. Mickey, please!

MICKEY. It's where a crook belongs, Tess—that's all.

CHUCK. *(Crossing to* MICKEY C.*)* I guess I'll have to butt in, Mickey.

MICKEY. How?

CHUCK. Well, I found out the improvements were coming in on the *south* side of the river—not the north. So I went ahead and bought up the options on the *south* side.

MICKEY. And you got 'em?

CHUCK. Yes.

MICKEY. On the south side?

CHUCK. Yes.

MICKEY. *(Kissing him on the forehead)* Darling!

CHUCK. *(Taking the papers out of his pocket)* Mickey, if you'll let father off, I'll turn these over to you, but if not—well, I'll have to turn them back. He doesn't go to jail, does he, Mickey?

MICKEY. I never meant he should, kid—I never meant he should. I was only going to throw a fright into him—and you certainly come through! *(Turns to* EMMA*)* He's there, ain't he?

EMMA. Like a duck!

BRADFORD. *(Has written check out at the desk up* C.*)* Here's your three thousand—I accept no favors from anyone. *(Hands check to* MICKEY. BERT *has entered from the barber shop in time to hear the foregoing line.)*

BERT. *(Coming down to* L.C.*)* What's the matter, Mr. Bradford—this guy bothering you again?

MICKEY. Oh, now you want in!

EMMA. *(*R.C.*)* Just a minute, Mickey—that's *my* meat! *(Crosses to* BERT*)* I had a talk with Minerva today—are you going to do the right thing?

BERT. What's that?

EMMA. You heard me—are you going to do what's right?

BERT. No, I'm not!

EMMA. *(Stepping back away to* R.*)* Let him have it, Mickey! (MICKEY *steps in and knocks* BERT *down.)*

BERT. *(Grovelling on the floor)* Oh, you think you can do this because you got your gang with you. *(Rises.)*

EMMA. Get in there and speak your piece.

BERT. Oh, I was going to do it right along, but I don't want to be forced into anything. *(Crosses towards dining room. The Melody Boys play a tune, keeping in time to* BERT'S *step.* BERT *tries to get out of step and* OSCAR *gives him a kick as he goes through the door.)*

BRADFORD. See here, Shannon——

MICKEY. Wait a minute—I've got it.

EMMA. Got what, Mickey?

MICKEY. I've got it—Eddie, remember the finish —I've got it!

VANCE. But Mickey——

EMMA. Don't interrupt him, Vance—go on thinking, Mickey.

MICKEY. Look—look—look—I've got it. The mortgage on the old home—the wronged girl—the hard-hearted father—the wayward son—the auction gamble—the bootlegger—the crooked lawyer—the heroine's victory in the clutch of defeat—I've got the whole thing. *(Crosses to* OSCAR *and* ANNIE *down* R.*)* Remember them steps—when I tell you hoof! *(To Melody Boys up* R.*)* That new number —when I tell you shoot! *(Crosses over to* TESSIE*)* Now the love interest—— Come here, Chuck—you're the love interest. (CHUCK *comes down to* TESSIE.*)* Don't you know how to be the love interest, you sap? Put your arm around her—Tess, put your arm round him—that's it—now you're the love

interest. *(Goes up to* NEWT, *who is at* R. *end of desk)* Now, the chorus—you be the chorus! *(Indicating* NEWT, DILL *and* PHIL.*)*

NEWT. Oh, Mr. Shannon—I——

MICKEY. *(Shaking his fist at him)* You chorus or go to jail! *(Gets* PHIL, DILL *and* NEWT *in line up at back)* Now, do what we do!

BRADFORD. *(Breaking in)* What the hell *is* all this?

MICKEY. *(Quickly)* That's the finish. You're the spittoon—I mean the villain! You're the villain! *(To* EDDIE *and* ALICE*)* Eddie, you're here—Alice, you're here. *(They come to places just back of him.)*

EMMA. Mickey, where am I?

MICKEY. You're with your boy friend—always!

EMMA. Mickey, what kind of a set is this?

MICKEY. How'd you like a nice plush drop?

EMMA. Right!

MICKEY. Are you ready?

BRADFORD. Oh, hell—you're not a business man—you're just a crazy actor!

MICKEY. *(Showing his papers and check)* Yes—crazy like a fox.

EMMA. Are you ready?

MICKEY. Let 'er go!

(On the introductory music everyone moves into position and as the music plays they all dance in unison as the curtain falls.)

CURTAIN

PROPERTY PLOT

ACT I

White and black marble linoleum down.

Over this, for first act, a wood floor cloth cut to fit inside set to cover the linoleum.

The doors and windows in old dirty brown painted wood.

Walls a neutral tint of green, stained with age in several places which will be covered with pictures for the second act.

On the wall over hatrack R. an old Union Leader tobacco ad.

On the wall R. of door to washroom, up a few steps of the stairs, a flaring "Stylish Stouts" poster (1 for each performance for Emma to tear up.)

On wall L. of washroom, above water cooler, two "Wanted for Murder" placards.

On wall above showcase on counter, electric room Indicator such as were used in old hotels (not practical).

On wall back of counter and L. of Indicator, a Key and Letter Rack filled with letters and keys with large square red press board labels attached.

Above the Key rack an old Clock which is practical, set at 7.15 at rise.

On wall L. of Letter Rack an old-fashioned phone that rings "central" by turning the small bell crank.

On wall R. of door to barber shop, hung low on the wainscoting, a rack filled with assorted railroad timetables.

On wall above this timetable rack, on a level with the eye, a large map of the local section with River and fork of River marked distinctly in blue pencil.

On wall L. of door to barber shop, four "Wanted for Murder" placards.

Old shades on windows L. pulled halfway down.

The windows are frosted as in winter and are not transparent.

In each window a brass foot rail.

The dark scrim in front of Street backing is used to cover it and give the appearance of nighttime outside.

The double doors to dining room are wood, marked with "Dining Room" in dark letters.

The door to wash room has opaque glass in the upper panel, with the name "Wash Room" in dark letters.

The door to the barber shop has transparent glass (wire mesh) in upper panel and one can see into the barber shop. It is lettered "Barber Shop."

The double doors to street are wood, painted brown.

The appearance of the hotel office is rather dirty and untidy and there is an air of negect and failure about it. The furnishings and equipment are of the old-fashioned small town hotel.

Hat Rack, painted brown, with shelves for hats, against wall below stairs at R.

A small looking glass fastened to down stage end, facing L.

A tray for toothpicks on one of the shelves.

Bench or settee, facing front, below stairs next to hatrack.

A chair facing front at newel post of stairs.

Old water cooler on small stand L. of door to washroom.

Cuspidor on floor beneath spout.

Old base burner, facing L., on a low zinc platform, on a line below door to washroom, the rusty pipe of which rises to about ten feet, then runs to wall back of desk. It is supported in the middle of the long span by two wires attached to ceiling. The stove is fitted with an electric hot pan on which is a water kettle steaming at the spout throughout act. In stove red bulbs to give the effect of fire.

Left of the stove is an old coal hod with coal and a shovel.

Below stove, facing up stage, an old chair.

Just L. of this chair is a cuspidor on the floor (for bus. of Emma emptying glass).

Left of stove, facing it, an armchair.

Up L. of stove, facing it, another armchair.

Hotel desk counter up center with a six-inch platform behind it.

Old cigar case at R. end against wall, facing towards the R.

Packages of cigarettes and boxes of cigars in it.

Boxes with chewing tobacco on top of case.

Old-fashioned cigar lighter below showcase.

Pot of paste at R. end of counter.

Hotel register center of counter.

Tap bell R. of register.

Ink stand with pens and pencils at front edge of counter just L. of register.

Cash Book L. of register.

Pad of paper, letter size, L. end of counter.

Cash Drawer under counter at R.C. end, which rings a bell when opened. Money in bills and small change in it.

Due bills for Swanzey on shelf under counter.

Deed for Swanzey on shelf under counter.

Spittoon on floor front of counter C.

Tacked on the two panels front of counter, 2 cigar posters.

In barber shop, seen when door is opened:
Old barber chair facing R. with foot rest.
On wall back of chair a shelf cabinet with shaving mugs, comb and brush.
On wall R. of shelf, Williams' Aqua Velva poster.
On wall L. of shelf Williams' Shaving Cream poster.
Two armchairs facing window up L.
Newspaper on lower chair.
Two wooden armchairs facing window down L.
Newspaper on lower chair.
Lighted Parlor oil Lamp hanging from ceiling at center.

For BERT off L.:
Railroad lantern.
Lunch box.
For OSCAR off L.:
Bundle of theatre window show cards and folded bills.
Coins.
For EMMA off L.:
Dog satchel, dog on leash, and winter coat.
For MICKEY off L.:
2 Suitcases and 2 Musical instrument cases.
For CHUCK off in washroom:
Pint flask half filled.
For HEZ off in washroom:
Glass.
For TESSIE off L.:
4 Magazines.
For MRS. SWANZEY off upstairs:
Small bag with some darning.
For NEWT hand:
Barbers' cloth.
Towel.

Shaving mug with soap and brush for lathering.
For MICKEY hand:
Checkbook and fountain pen.
For EMMA hand:
Money in bills.
Wind machine off L.

ACT II

Take off Stage:
All pictures and placards on the walls.
Floor cloth.
Hotel desk counter and everything on it.
Hat rack.
Bench.
All chairs.
Base burner on platform and pipe.
Old clock from wall back C.
Old key rack.
Hanging Lamp.
Water cooler on stand.
All doors and windows.
Scrim in front of Street drop.
Railing on stairway.
Bring on:
Doors and windows white painted woodwork.
Potted plants in windows.
White dado or base boards all around the room.
The windows now have pink hangings with large letter "S" elaborately embroidered on them in gold, also white shades and curtains.
The doors to washroom and barber shop have transparent glass with gauze draw curtains in back.
The lettering on the doors changed to bright silver letters, the name "Wash Room" changed to "Lavatory."
The dining room doors now have the upper panels transparent glass with gauze draw cur-

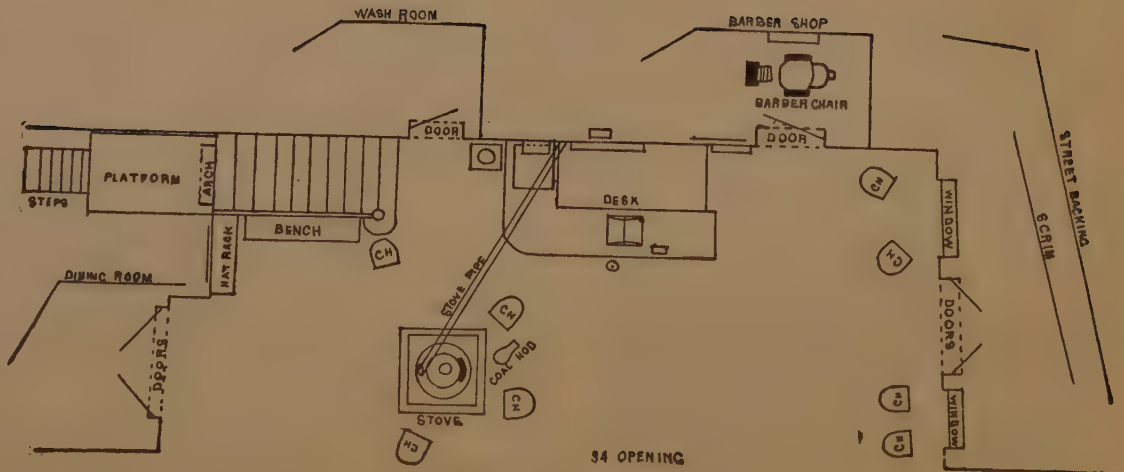
tains in back, the lettering changed to silver.
White railing to stairs with a carpet runner on stairs held in place with brass rods.
White hat rack with white framed mirror in same place as before.
Tray of tooth picks in same place.
White settee in place of bench up R.
White desk counter up C.
With drape same color as curtains with same "S" hanging in front of counter.
New show case same size as before.
Cigars and cigarettes.
6 boxes of cigars on top of case.
Box of cigars in front of case.
Match stand R. end of counter.
Bowl of ferns R. end of counter.
Ticket punch placed for Emma.
Tap bell R. end of counter.
New Hotel Register C. of counter.
New double ink stand in brass with pens and pencils.
Brass cuspidor in front of counter on floor.
The counter has a drawer the same as before.
Money in bills and coins.
New cash book L. end of counter.
Pad of paper L. end of counter.
Rocker blotter with handle placed for Emma.
Checkbook placed for Emma.
Receipt book placed for Emma.
White painted clock same place on wall up C. set at 11.30 (practical).
White painted Key Rack.
4 Cigar boxes on top of it.
Barber pole on wall R. of door to barber shop, above map.
White armchair at corner of Hat Rack.
White armchair at newel post of stairs.

Old Taylor trunk standing on end at L. corner of settee up R., pasted with labels "Allen & Allen."
Harry Lauder Tam.
Scotch kilt and cane.
Irish high hat.
Girl's dress with spangles.
Piece of gauzy material.
Al Jolson nigger wig.
Vaudeville photographs on walls to cover spots which showed in Act I.
Two White chairs at window up L.
Two White chairs at window down L.
The doors to street are opened throughout the second and third acts.
Wooden water pail and mop for Shorty on stage at rise.
For MINERVA off in dining room.
Box of toothpicks.
For ANNIE off L.:
Coins.
A small parcel of mosquito netting wrapped in paper.
For NEWT off L.:
Coins.
5 Deeds.
For MINERVA off R.:
Tray with bowl of bread pudding and a cup of coffee, napkin, etc.
For BERT hand:
Meal ticket.
Money in bills.
For STAGE MANAGER:
Phone bell to ring at cue back of phone.

ACT III

Checkbook used by Emma in Act II placed for Mickey on counter.

For PHIL off upstairs:
Suitcase.
Money in bills.
For STAGE MANAGER:
Phone bell to ring at cue same as before.
For ALICE:
Handkerchief to give to Emma.
For ALBEE off L.:
Brief case.
Certified check.
Business card.
Agreement paper.
Receipt blank.
For BRADFORD:
Blank check.
For CHUCK off L.:
Legal papers (options).


WASH ROOM
BARBER SHOP
BARBER CHAIR
DOOR
DOOR
PLATFORM
STEPS
ARCH
BENCH
HAT RACK
DINING ROOM
DOORS
DESK
STOVE PIPE
COAL HOD
STOVE
CH
CH
CH
CH
CH
CH
CH
MOULDING
MOULDING
MOULDING
STREET BACKING
SCRIM
34 OPENING
THE SHANNONS OF BROADWAY

DADDY LONG-LEGS

A charming comedy in 4 acts. By Jean Webster. The full cast calls for 6 males, 7 females and 6 orphans, but the play, by the easy doubling of some of the characters, may be played by 4 males, 4 females and 3 orphans. The orphans appear only in the first act and may be played by small girls of any age. Four easy interior scenes. Costumes modern. Plays 2½ hours.

Many readers of current fiction will recall Jean Webster's "Daddy Long-Legs." Miss Webster dramatized her story and it was presented at the Gaiety Theatre in New York, under Henry Miller's direction, with Ruth Chatterton in the principal rôle. "Daddy Long-Legs" tells the story of Judy, a pretty little drudge in a bleak New England orphanage. One day, a visiting trustee becomes interested in Judy and decides to give her a chance. She does not know the name of her benefactor, but simply calls him Daddy Long-Legs, and writes him letters brimming over with fun and affection. From the Foundling's Home she goes to a fashionable college for girls and there develops the romance that constitutes much of the play's charm. The New York *Times* reviewer, on the morning after the Broadway production, wrote the following: "If you will take your pencil and write down, one below the other, the words delightful, charming, sweet, beautiful and entertaining, and then draw a line and add them up, the answer will be 'Daddy Long-Legs.' To that result you might even add brilliant, pathetic and humorous, but the answer even then would be just what it was before—the play which Miss Jean Webster has made from her book, 'Daddy Long-Legs,' and which was presented at the Gaiety last night. To attempt to describe the simplicity and beauty of 'Daddy Long-Legs' would be like attempting to describe the first breath of Spring after an exceedingly tiresome and hard Winter." "Daddy Long-Legs" enjoyed a two-years' run in New York, and was then toured for over three years. It is now published in play form for the first time. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

THE FAMOUS MRS. FAIR

A comedy in 4 acts. By James Forbes. 3 males, 10 females. 2 interiors. Modern costumes. Plays a full evening.

An absorbing play of modern American family life. "The Famous Mrs. Fair" is concerned with a strenuous lady who returns from overseas to lecture, and consequently neglects her daughter, who is just saved in time from disaster. Acted with great success by Blanche Bates and Henry Miller. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th Street, New York City
Our New Descriptive Catalogue Sent Free on Request

ON THE HIRING LINE

Comedy in 3 acts, by Harvey O'Higgins and Harriet Ford. 5 males, 4 females. Interior throughout. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours.

Sherman Fessenden, unable to induce servants to remain for any reasonable length of time at his home, hits upon the novel expedient of engaging detectives to serve as domestics.

His second wife, an actress, weary of the country and longing for Broadway, has succeeded in discouraging every other cook and butler against remaining long at the house, believing that by so doing she will win her husband to her theory that country life is dead. So she is deeply disappointed when she finds she cannot discourage the new servants.

The sleuths, believing they had been called to report on the actions of those living with the Fessendens, proceeded to warn Mr. Fessenden that his wife has been receiving love-notes from Steve Mark, an actor friend, and that his daughter has been planning to elope with a thief.

One sleuth causes an uproar in the house, making a mess of the situations he has witnessed. Mr. Fessenden, however, has learned a lesson and is quite willing to leave the servant problem to his wife thereafter. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.)

Price, 75 Cents.

A FULL HOUSE

A farcical comedy in 3 acts. By Fred Jackson. 7 males, 7 females. One interior scene. Modern costumes. Time, 2½ hours.

Imagine a reckless and wealthy youth who writes ardent love letters to a designing chorus girl, an attorney brother-in-law who steals the letters and then gets his hand-bag mixed up with the grip of a burglar who has just stolen a valuable necklace from the mother of the indiscreet youth, and the efforts of the crook to recover his plunder, as incidents in the story of a play in which the swiftness of the action never halts for an instant. Not only are the situations screamingly funny but the lines themselves hold a fund of humor at all times. This newest and cleverest of all farces was written by Fred Jackson, the well-known short-story writer, and is backed up by the prestige of an impressive New York success and the promise of unlimited fun presented in the most attractive form. A cleaner, cleverer farce has not been seen for many a long day. "A Full House" is a house full of laughs. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.)

Price, 75 Cents.

SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th Street, New York City
Our New Descriptive Catalogue Sent Free on Request

KICK IN

Play in 4 acts. By Willard Mack. **7 males, 5 females. 2 interiors. Modern costumes. Plays 2½ hours.**

"Kick In" is the latest of the very few available mystery plays. Like "Within the Law," "Seven Keys to Baldpate," "The Thirteenth Chair," and "In the Next Room," it is one of those thrillers which are accurately described as "not having a dull moment in it from beginning to end." It is a play with all the ingredients of popularity, not at all difficult to set or to act; the plot carries it along, and the situations are built with that skill and knowledge of the theatre for which Willard Mack is known. An ideal mystery melodrama, for high schools and colleges. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

TILLY OF BLOOMSBURY

("Happy-Go-Lucky.") A comedy in 3 acts. By Ian Hay. 9 males, 7 females. 2 interior scenes. Modern dress. Plays a full evening.

Into an aristocratic family comes Tilly, lovable and youthful, with ideas and manners which greatly upset the circle. Tilly is so frankly honest that she makes no secret of her tremendous affection for the young son of the family; this brings her into many difficulties. But her troubles have a joyous end in charmingly blended scenes of sentiment and humor. This comedy presents an opportunity for fine acting, handsome stage settings, and beautiful costuming. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.)
Price, 75 Cents.

BILLY

Farce-comedy in 3 acts. By George Cameron. **10 males, 5 females.** (A few minor male parts can be doubled, making the cast 7 males, 5 females.) **1 exterior. Costumes, modern. Plays 2¼ hours.**

The action of the play takes place on the S. S. "Florida," bound for Havana. The story has to do with the disappearance of a set of false teeth, which creates endless complications among passengers and crew, and furnishes two and a quarter hours of the heartiest laughter. One of the funniest comedies produced in the last dozen years on the American stage is "Billy" (sometimes called "Billy's Tombstones"), in which the late Sidney Drew achieved a hit in New York and later toured the country several times. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th Street, New York City
Our New Descriptive Catalogue Sent Free on Request

NOT SO LONG AGO

Comedy in a Prologue, 3 acts, and Epilogue. By Arthur Richman. 5 males, 7 females. 2 interiors, 1 exterior. Costumes, 1876. Plays a full evening.

Arthur Richman has constructed his play around the Cinderella legend. The playwright has shown great wisdom in his choice of material, for he has cleverly crossed the Cinderella theme with a strain of Romeo and Juliet. Mr. Richman places his young lovers in the picturesque New York of forty years ago. This time Cinderella is a seamstress in the home of a social climber, who may have been the first of her kind, though we doubt it. She is interested sentimentally in the son of this house. Her father, learning of her infatuation for the young man without learning also that it is imaginary on the young girl's part, starts out to discover his intentions. He is a poor inventor. The mother of the youth, ambitious chiefly for her children, shudders at the thought of marriage for her son with a sewing-girl. But the Prince contrives to put the slipper on the right foot, and the end is happiness. The play is quaint and agreeable and the three acts are rich in the charm of love and youth. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) **Price, 75 Cents.**

THE LOTTERY MAN

Comedy in 3 acts, by Rida Johnson Young. 4 males, 5 females. 3 easy interiors. Costumes, modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

In "The Lottery Man" Rida Johnson Young has seized upon a custom of some newspapers to increase their circulation by clever schemes. Mrs. Young has made the central figure in her famous comedy a newspaper reporter, Jack Wright. Wright owes his employer money, and he agrees to turn in one of the most sensational scoops the paper has ever known. His idea is to conduct a lottery, with *himself* as the prize. The lottery is announced. Thousands of old maids buy coupons. Meantime Wright falls in love with a charming girl. Naturally he fears that he may be won by someone else and starts to get as many tickets as his limited means will permit. Finally the last day is announced. The winning number is 1323, and is held by Lizzie, an old maid, in the household of the newspaper owner. Lizzie refuses to give up. It is discovered, however, that she has stolen the ticket. With this clue, the reporter threatens her with arrest. Of course the coupon is surrendered and Wright gets the girl of his choice. Produced at the Bijou Theater, New York, with great success. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) **Price, 75 Cents.**

SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th Street, New York City
Our New Descriptive Catalogue **Sent Free on Request**

TWEEDLES

Comedy in 3 acts, by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson. 5 males, 4 females. 1 interior. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours.

Julian, scion of the blue-blooded Castleburys, falls in love with Winsora Tweedle, daughter of the oldest family in a Maine village. The Tweedles esteem the name because it has been rooted in the community for 200 years, and they look down on "summer people" with the vigor that only "summer boarder" communities know.

The Castleburys are aghast at the possibility of a match, and call on the Tweedles to urge how impossible such an alliance would be. Mr. Castlebury laboriously explains the barrier of social caste, and the elder Tweedle takes it that these unimportant summer folk are terrified at the social eminence of the Tweedles.

Tweedle generously agrees to co-operate with the Castleburys to prevent the match. But Winsora brings her father to realize that in reality the Castleburys look upon them as inferiors. The old man is infuriated, and threatens vengeance, but is checkmated when Julian unearths a number of family skeletons and argues that father isn't a Tweedle, since the blood has been so diluted that little remains. Also, Winsora takes the matter into her own hands and outfaces the old man. So the youngsters go forth triumphant. "Tweedles" is Booth Tarkington at his best.

(Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) **Price, 75 Cents.**

JUST SUPPOSE

A whimsical comedy in 3 acts, by A. E. Thomas, author of "Her Husband's Wife," "Come Out of the Kitchen," etc. 6 males, 2 females. 1 interior, 1 exterior. Costumes, modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

It was rumored that during his last visit the Prince of Wales appeared for a brief spell under an assumed name somewhere in Virginia. It is on this story that A. E. Thomas based "Just Suppose." The theme is handled in an original manner. Linda Lee Stafford meets one George Shipley (in reality is the Prince of Wales). It is a case of love at first sight, but, alas, princes cannot select their mates and thereby hangs a tale which Mr. Thomas has woven with infinite charm. The atmosphere of the South with its chivalry dominates the story, touching in its sentiment and lightened here and there with delightful comedy. "Just Suppose" scored a big hit at the Henry Miller Theatre, New York, with Patricia Collinge. **(Royalty, twenty-five dollars.)**

Price, 75 Cents.

SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th Street, New York City
Our New Descriptive Catalogue Sent Free on Request

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH

Comedy in 3 acts. By James Montgomery. 5 males, 6 females. Modern costumes. 2 interiors. Plays 2½ hours.

Is it possible to tell the absolute truth—even for twenty-four hours? It is—at least Bob Bennett, the hero of "Nothing but the Truth," accomplished the feat. The bet he made with his partners, his friends, and his fiancée—these are the incidents in William Collier's tremendous comedy hit. "Nothing but the Truth" can be whole-heartedly recommended as one of the most sprightly, amusing and popular comedies of which this country can boast. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

SEVENTEEN

A comedy of youth, in 4 acts. By Booth Tarkington. 8 males, 6 females. 1 exterior, 2 interior scenes. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours.

It is the tragedy of William Sylvanus Baxter that he has ceased to be sixteen and is not yet eighteen. Baby, child, boy, youth and grown-up are definite phenomena. The world knows them and has learned to put up with them. Seventeen is not an age, it is a disease. In its turbulent bosom the leavings of a boy are at war with the beginnings of a man.

In his heart, William Sylvanus Baxter knows all the tortures and delights of love; he is capable of any of the heroisms of his heroic sex. But he is still sent on the most humiliating errands by his mother, and depends upon his father for the last nickel of spending money.

Silly Bill fell in love with Lolo, the Baby-Talk Lady, a vapid if amiable little flirt. To woo her in a manner worthy of himself (and incidentally of her) he stole his father's evening clothes. When his wooings became a nuisance to the neighborhood, his mother stole the clothes back, and had them altered to fit the middle-aged form of her husband, thereby keeping William at home in the evening.

But when it came to the Baby-Talk Lady's good-bye dance, not to be present was unendurable. How William Sylvanus again got the dress suit, and how as he was wearing it at the party the negro servant, Genesis, disclosed the fact that the proud garment was in reality his father's, are some of the elements in this charming comedy of youth.

"Seventeen" is a story of youth, love and summer time. It is a work of exquisite human sympathy and delicious humor. Produced by Stuart Walker at the Booth Theatre, New York, it enjoyed a run of four years in New York and on the road. Strongly recommended for High School production. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

POLLYANNA

"The glad play," in 3 acts. By Catherine Chisholm Cushing. Based on the novel by Eleanor H. Porter. 5 males, 6 females. 2 interiors. Costumes, modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

The story has to do with the experiences of an orphan girl who is thrust, unwelcome, into the home of a maiden aunt. In spite of the tribulations that beset her life she manages to find something to be glad about, and brings light into sunless lives. Finally, Pollyanna straightens out the love affairs of her elders, and last, but not least, finds happiness for herself in the heart of Jimmy. "Pollyanna" is a glad play and one which is bound to give one a better appreciation of people and the world. It reflects the humor, tenderness and humanity that gave the story such wonderful popularity among young and old.

Produced at the Hudson Theatre, New York, and for two seasons on tour, by George C. Tyler, with Helen Hayes in the part of "Pollyanna." (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

THE CHARM SCHOOL

A comedy in 3 acts. By Alice Duer Miller and Robert Milton. 6 males, 10 females (may be played by 5 males and 8 females). Any number of school girls may be used in the ensembles. Scenes, 2 interiors. Modern costumes. Plays 2½ hours.

The story of "The Charm School" is familiar to Mrs. Miller's readers. It relates the adventures of a handsome young automobile salesman, scarcely out of his 'teens, who, upon inheriting a girls' boarding-school from a maiden aunt, insists on running it himself, according to his own ideas, chief of which is, by the way, that the dominant feature in the education of the young girls of to-day should be CHARM. The situations that arise are teeming with humor—clean, wholesome humor. In the end the young man gives up the school, and promises to wait until the most precocious of his pupils reaches a marriageable age. The play has the freshness of youth, the inspiration of an extravagant but novel idea, the charm of originality, and the promise of wholesome, sanely amusing, pleasant entertainment. We strongly recommend it for high school production. It was first produced at the Bijou Theatre, New York, then toured the country. Two companies are now playing it in England. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th Street, New York City
Our New Descriptive Catalogue Sent Free on Request

COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN

A charming comedy in 3 acts. Adapted by A. E. Thomas from the story of the same name by Alice Duer Miller. 6 males, 5 females. 3 interior scenes. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours.

The story of "Come Out of the Kitchen" is written around a Virginia family of the old aristocracy, by the name of Daingerfield, who, finding themselves temporarily embarrassed, decide to rent their magnificent home to a rich Yankee. One of the conditions of the lease by the well-to-do New Englander stipulates that a competent staff of white servants should be engaged for his sojourn at the stately home. This servant question presents practically insurmountable difficulties, and one of the daughters of the family conceives the mad-cap idea that she, her sister and their two brothers shall act as the domestic staff for the wealthy Yankee. Olivia Daingerfield, who is the ringleader in the merry scheme, adopts the cognomen of Jane Allen, and elects to preside over the destinies of the kitchen. Her sister, Elizabeth, is appointed housemaid. Her elder brother, Paul, is the butler, and Charley, the youngest of the group, is appointed to the position of bootboy. When Burton Crane arrives from the North, accompanied by Mrs. Faulkner, her daughter, and Crane's attorney, Tucker, they find the staff of servants to possess so many methods of behavior out of the ordinary that amusing complications begin to arise immediately. Olivia's charm and beauty impress Crane above everything else, and the merry story continues through a maze of delightful incidents until the real identity of the heroine is finally disclosed. But not until Crane has professed his love for his charming cook, and the play ends with the brightest prospects of happiness for these two young people. "Come Out of the Kitchen," with Ruth Chatterton in the leading rôle, made a notable success on its production by Henry Miller at the Cohan Theatre, New York. It was also a great success at the Strand Theatre, London. A most ingenious and entertaining comedy, and we strongly recommend it for amateur production. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.)

Price, 75 Cents.

GOING SOME

Play in 4 acts. By Paul Armstrong and Rex Beach. 12 males, 4 females. 2 exteriors, 1 interior. Costumes, modern and cowboy. Plays a full evening.

Described by the authors as the "chronicle of a certain lot of college men and girls, with a tragic strain of phonograph and cowboys." A rollicking good story, full of action, atmosphere, comedy and drama, redolent of the adventurous spirit of youth. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.)

Price, 75 Cents.

SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th Street, New York City
Our New Descriptive Catalogue Sent Free on Request

ARE YOU A MASON?

Farce in 3 acts. By Leo Ditrichstein. 7 males, 7 females. Modern costumes. Plays 2¼ hours. 1 interior.

"Are You a Mason?" is one of those delightful farces like "Charley's Aunt" that are always fresh. "A mother and a daughter," says the critic of the New York *Herald*, "had husbands who account for absences from the joint household on frequent evenings, falsely pretending to be Masons. The men do not know each other's duplicity, and each tells his wife of having advanced to leadership in his lodge. The older woman was so well pleased with her husband's supposed distinction in the order that she made him promise to put up the name of a visiting friend for membership. Further perplexity over the principal liar arose when a suitor for his second daughter's hand proved to be a real Mason. . . . To tell the story of the play would require volumes, its complications are so numerous. It is a house of cards. One card wrongly placed and the whole thing would collapse. But it stands, an example of remarkable ingenuity. You wonder at the end of the first act how the fun can be kept up on such a slender foundation. But it continues and grows to the last curtain." One of the most hilariously amusing farces ever written, especially suited to schools and Masonic Lodges. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

KEMPY

A delightful comedy in 3 acts. By J. C. Nugent and Elliott Nugent. 4 males, 4 females. 1 interior throughout. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours.

No wonder "Kempy" has been such a tremendous hit in New York, Chicago—wherever it has played. It snaps with wit and humor of the most delightful kind. It's electric. It's small-town folk perfectly pictured. Full of types of varied sorts, each one done to a turn and served with zestful sauce. An ideal entertainment for amusement purposes. The story is about a high-falutin' daughter who in a fit of pique marries the young plumber-architect, who comes to fix the water pipes, just because he "understands" her, having read her book and having sworn to marry the authoress. But in that story lies all the humor that kept the audience laughing every second of every act. Of course there are lots of ramifications, each of which bears its own brand of laughter-making potentials. But the plot and the story are not the main things. There is, for instance, the work of the company. The fun growing out of this family mixup is lively and clean. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th Street, New York City
Our New Descriptive Catalogue Sent Free on Request

FRENCH'S
Standard Library Edition

Includes Plays by

George M. Cohan
Augustus Thomas
Winchell Smith
William Gillette
Frank Craven
Owen Davis
Austin Strong
A. A. Milne
Harriet Ford
Paul Green
James Montgomery
Edward Childs Carpenter
Arthur Richman
Philip Barry
George Middleton
Channing Pollock
George Kaufman
Martin Flavin
Victor Mapes
Kate Douglas Wiggin
Rida Johnson Young
Margaret Mayo
Roi Cooper Megrue
Jean Webster
George Broadhurst
George Hobart
Frederick S. Isham
Madeline Lucette Ryley
Fred Ballard
Percy MacKaye
Willard Mack
Jerome K. Jerome
R. C. Carton
Mark Swan
Rachel Crothers
W. W. Jacobs
Ernest Denny
Kenyon Nicholson
Aaron Hoffman
H. V. Esmond
Edgar Selwyn
Laurence Housman
Israel Zangwill
Walter Hackett
A. E. Thomas
Edna Ferber
Justin Huntley McCarthy
John Henry Mears
John B. Stapleton
Frederick Lonsdale
Bryon Ongley
Rex Beach
Paul Armstrong
George Kelly
Booth Tarkington
George Ade
J. C. and Elliott Nugent
J. Hartley Manners
Barry Conners
Edith Ellis
Harold Brighouse
Harvey J. O'Higgins
Clare Kummer
James Forbes
William C. DeMille
Louis N. Parker
Anthony Hope
Lewis Beach
Guy Bolton
Edward E. Rose
Marc Connelly
Frederick Paulding
Lynn Starling
Josephine Preston Peabody
Catherine Chisholm Cushing
Clyde Fitch
Earl Derr Biggers
Thomas Broadhurst
Charles Klein
Bayard Veiller
C. Haddon Chambers
Richard Harding Davis
Cosmo Gordon-Lennox
Grace L. Furniss
Martha Morton
Robert Housum
Carlisle Moore
Salisbury Field
Leo Dietrichtstein
Harry James Smith
Eden Phillpotts
Sir Arthur Conan Doyle
Brandon Tynan
Clayton Hamilton
Edward Sheldon
Richard Ganthony
Jullie Lippman
Paul Dickey
Frank Bacon
Thompson Buchanan
Edward Paulton
Adelaide Matthews
William Cary Duncan
A. E. W. Mason
H. A. Du Souchet

French's International Copyrighted Edition contains plays, comedies and farces of international reputation; also recent professional successes by famous American and English Authors. Our new descriptive catalogue sent free on request.

SAMUEL FRENCH

Oldest Play Publisher in the World

25 West 45th Street, NEW YORK CITY

P9-ARN-799